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## Diary of the Week.

AN unexpected issue has been found for the Tory Parliamentarians in search of a leader. According to the party organs a strenuous contest was set up between Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Walter Long, both sides canvassing vigorously for their man. This process revealed the fact that the party was about evenly divided between the two champions, and that it was unlikely to unite cordially on either. Mr. Chamberlain then proposed to Mr. Long that they should both retire, and agree to support a third choice. This proved inevitably to be Mr. Bonar Law, an abler man than either of the first thoughts of the party in the Commons. The decision was ratified at a party meeting at the Carlton Club, the first occasion on which these sacred precincts have been defiled by the election of a leader. Mr. Law was then chosen unanimously, on the motion of Mr. Long, seconded by Mr. Chamberlain. It remains to be seen how this union of a new man with old ones will suit modern Toryism. Mr. Law, who is fifty-three years of age, is a Colonial by birth, and a Nonconformist; he is a modest and simple middle-class man, more addicted to golf than to drawing-rooms. At the close of the meeting, Mr. Balfour was awarded a cautiously-worded certificate of merit, emphasising the "inevitable" character of his retirement, and hoping for his services in "a less onerous position" than that from which he was driven.

MR. LAW's speech at Leeds on Thursday night gave no signs that the new Tory Leader is capable of turning to advantage the great opportunity with which he has been presented. He outlined no new policy, and contented himself with a mere conventional party harangue. His hearers were invited to the remnants of the very scanty feast from which Mr. Balfour has just risen, with Tariff Reform as the staple dish. In other respects, the Party policy was to be one of resistance rather than construction. Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment were to be opposed, and, when the Party reached its goal, viz., "to get rid of the present Government," it would be their duty "to face the problems which new conditions and a new age had brought about." The Insurance Bill was a heavy burden on employers, and part of this burden ought to be borne by the consumer, but this of course was impossible under our present fiscal system. At the afternoon session Lord Selborne carried a resolution pledging the party to secure the repeal of the Parliament Act at the earliest possible moment, and accepting the Referendum as the best means of settling differences between the two Houses. Another episode was the shouting down of Mr. Maxse, who had handed in a resolution eulogising Lord Halsbury, though it now appears that Mr. Maxse intended to withdraw the offending motion.

We are glad to see that the Prime Minister has promised a day for the discussion of Foreign Affairs, which will be given after the debates in the French Chamber. But we suggest that one day is not adequate to the grave importance and the great complexity of the subject. The Morocco crisis, which in July so nearly involved a European war, surely requires a day to itself, which could properly be devoted to a full statement by Sir Edward Grey and a careful and searching analysis of it in a single, concentrated debate. We must remember that foreign politics have been ruled out of the party field, so that Liberal criticism of them is almost as free as in the rest of the House. The Persian question, again, with its close bearing on problems not merely of national right but of Indian frontier policy, really requires a discussion to itself. Two days in a Parliamentary year are a slight enough allowance for the presentation and criticism of a course of action of great magnitude and wide scope. Surely they will be called for as the minimum requirement of the case.

As to the Morocco question, we must refer our readers to Herr Bernstein's article on another page and to the analysis of the events of July, which appears elsewhere. But we suggest that the German Chancellor's statement concerning them should be carefully perused in connection with Mr. Lloyd George's speech. That utterance has been described as a Cabinet speech. It would be more accurate, we think, to say that it was a Foreign Office speech, and that the Chancellor is rather less responsible for it than the Department which has not, we fear, taken a balanced view of the controversy between France and Germany.

[November 18, 1911.]

MEANWHILE, the following points seem to us essentially to call for explanation :—

1. Was the German delay in answering an earlier communication of the British Government a delay in answering a formal British despatch, or merely in replying to verbal communications?

2. Is or is not the German Chancellor correct in stating that Germany informed Great Britain that her action in Morocco was not territorial; that the negotiations with France were proceeding, and that they did not affect British interests (how indeed could they?), and that if the British Government felt aggrieved, it could communicate in the usual way?

It has been stated that the Germans asked too much of France, in the way of compensation outside Morocco, which was the matter of the negotiations in July. That is a possible or plausible line of argument. But if that ground is taken, we hope that the Foreign Secretary will be asked definitely to state what is the nature of the obligations of the Anglo-French *entente-alliance*, and whether, and on what specific grounds, he was prepared to offer France the support of the British Army and fleet in a European war, which would have arisen out of a mutual "swop" of West African territory.

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A WEEK ago it seemed as though the nomination of Yuan-Shih-Kai to the Premiership of China in rebellion and dissolution had come too late to affect its fate. But it is now evident that its destinies are in his hands. After the requisite number of refusals prescribed by Chinese official modesty, Yuan has reached Pekin, has accepted office, and is forming a Cabinet. The tearful entreaties of the Court to assume authority he met with a well-conceived snub. It is for the nation, and the nation's Assembly, he declared, and not for the Court to nominate the Premier. In his ultimate policy he clearly is awaiting the nation's mandate. His own preferences, he has told an American interviewer, are for a limited Constitutional Monarchy, and, indeed, with an Emperor aged five, an old man, as Yuan is, may well regard the question between Monarchy and Republic as purely academic. There will be no mature Emperor in his lifetime. The only urgent question for him is that of the Regency. His friends declare that he will insist on a Chinese Regent, and depose the Manchu Prince; but we are not told whether this Regent is likely to be himself or another.

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THERE is, however, a possibility even more interesting than this. Yuan-Shih-Kai may, after all, declare for a Republic, and assume the Presidency. He has asked each of the provinces to nominate delegates who are to meet in Pekin and pronounce on this point. If destiny calls him he will not obstruct her. Already the metropolitan province of Chih-li has pronounced for a Republic. Yuan is not a man of ideas, and probably he perceives how useful a puppet Emperor, the head of the ancestor-cult, would be as a cement for the separate provinces in normal times. But, on the other hand, no fewer than fourteen provinces have now gone over to the Republic. They are at present virtually independent, but in time the Provisional Government now at Wuchang, and soon to be removed to Shanghai, may succeed in creating a real federal organisation in the progressive Chinese South.

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THE military interest of the Rebellion is now concentrated in two centres, Hankow and Nanking. Else-

where the Republic has been proclaimed without resistance. But at these two great cities on the Yangtze, Imperialist armies are at bay. The position at Hankow is difficult to decipher. Apparently the Imperialists hold what is left of the devastated city, and the Republican levies, hastily recruited and imperfectly armed, are besieging them and on the whole with improving fortunes. Nanking had gone over completely to the rebels, but an Imperial force, under one General Chang, has retaken it, and is signalising its success by systematic massacre. Every Chinaman who had cut off his pigtail (a Manchu fashion, which the Chinese regard as the badge of their servitude) is beheaded, and many women have fallen in the general slaughter. The rebels, who are apparently securely established at Shanghai, are working from this centre as their base to retake Nanking.

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THE last of many disputes between Russia and Mr. Shuster, the American Financial Controller in Persia, has led at length to the presentation of an ultimatum. The northern provinces are to be occupied, and a formidable military force is preparing to go to Kazvin—half-way to Teheran—if it goes no further. The facts of the incident are fairly clear. The Persian Government confiscated the estates of Prince Shua-es-Sultaneh, a brother of the ex-Shah, who had aided his invasion. Mr. Shuster was ordered to occupy certain villas with his Treasury Gendarmes. The Russian Legation at first raised no objection, but afterwards sent two of its Consular officers with Cossacks to garrison the houses. The Cossacks arrested the Persian Gendarmes, and took them prisoners to the Consulate. The pretext is that the Russian bank had a claim on the estate. It is doubtful whether this is true, but in any event, Mr. Shuster had pledged himself in advance to meet any debts to foreigners secured on the estate. It is for this Russian outrage on Persian sovereignty that Persia is required to furnish satisfaction, on pain of a Russian invasion. The Regent and the Cabinet resigned, but they have now returned to office, and ordered Mr. Shuster to evacuate the property, which in the end, his agents successfully occupied. We refer elsewhere to Lord Curzon's remarkable speech, which may be read in full in Thursday's "Manchester Guardian." It is all but suppressed in the "Times."

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FIGHTING has been infrequent and apparently on a small scale round Tripoli, but in the absence of nearly all the correspondents we are likely to hear only official truth. But the Italians are as yet incapable of taking the aggressive, and are content to repulse attacks on the lines within which they are in effect besieged. The "Tanin," the Young Turk organ, suggests, however, that the Turks will soon prefer to fight a guerilla campaign further inland. The movements of the Italian fleet are still a mystery. It has sailed eastwards, and is said to have been seen off Crete. The general impression is that it will take some island or islands in the Aegean. We are even assured that some of these will be "annexed." Gossip is busy in Vienna with the rumor that Germany and Austria have vetoed this Aegean expedition, but the news is too good to be true. It is nowhere even hinted that Sir Edward Grey has moved a finger to limit the area of the war, indeed, it is more than ever recognised abroad that the Italian adventure had and has the tacit approval of our Foreign Office.

A WRITER not less capable than Mr. Spencer Wilkinson has now completed a remarkable series of articles, under the scare title "The Writing on the Wall," in the "Morning Post." They argue historically for the revival and conscious pursuit of the theory of the "balance of power" against Germany. The suggestion is that in order to secure "places in the sun" she must first dominate the Continent, drag France within her orbit, and absorb Holland and Belgium. The military analysis of the whole present position is cleverly done. Russia would move too slowly, if she could move at all, to aid France. France must be outnumbered, and if Germany dare violate Belgian neutrality, almost certainly defeated. The result would be that Germany would control every European port against us. We are bound to defend Belgian neutrality, but Belgium, knowing our military weakness, would probably prefer a restricted violation of her territory to a campaign as our ally. Our expeditionary force could not mobilise rapidly more than 50,000 to 80,000 men in the first decisive fortnight for a task which requires 160,000. Our rifles, our bullets, our supply of horses, our artillery, are all subjected to a damaging and well-informed criticism. The general conclusion is for an alliance with France and the adoption of conscription. The immediate moral is to strengthen the expeditionary force.

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MUCH of this reasoning is sound, if we grant the premisses. We have often argued in these columns that a Continental policy requires the Continental army. Conscription is the logical outcome of the game of constantly thwarting Germany. It is the policy which requires revision. For the rest we are bound to fulfil our treaty obligations, which rest on a clear and permanent interest, to secure Belgium from invasion. But the worst way to attain this is to conclude an alliance with France. Germany, in the hypothetical war, would have a motive to refrain from an attack through Belgium only if she can secure our neutrality by desisting from it. She would, by forcing us into the field, have to face not only our military force in Belgium but our fleet in the North Sea. It is futile to suggest that this is a risk which she would lightly incur. That measure of aid—an armed and vigilant neutrality for the defence of Belgian integrity—we can and ought to render to France, and if it secures her northern frontier it is an enormous and vital assistance.

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THE prospect of a settlement of the railway trouble has considerably brightened during the week. It is true that resolutions favoring a renewal of the strike have been passed at some centres, but at the important centre of Crewe a delegate meeting decided in favor of accepting the amended scheme and of refusing to strike on the question of further recognition. Meanwhile, Mr. Henderson has been active in explaining the Report of the Commission, and showing that "recognition" in the form of such occasional meetings with the Directors and the Union representatives as are now in question is favorably contemplated, though not positively enjoined. It is a pity that the Report was not a little more explicit on the point. The miners have also virtually come to terms with the owners in the old Federation area, but in South Wales the owners are, at any rate on the surface, unyielding on the question of the minimum day-wage. The Federation delegates on Wednesday rejected plans for an immediate stoppage by a large majority, but the

question will not be settled till the Welsh owners fall into line. Meanwhile, as the Labor Department returns show, employment continues good, and the conditions are so far favorable to the agitation of the men for such a rise in money wages as will make good the loss in the purchasing power of money.

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THE Grand Committee on the first part of the Insurance Bill was mostly concerned this week with Scotland and Ireland. The Government announced their intention of setting up separate Commissioners for the several countries and allowing in each instance certain modifications of contributions and relief, accommodated to the peculiar needs of portions of those countries. In the financial bargaining it looks as if Ireland had been most successful. For while her joint contribution for employer and employed is reduced from 7d., as in England, to 5½d., the State contribution is to be the same. All the same benefits are given as in England, with the exception of the medical benefit, to which is preferred the maintenance of the present system of dispensaries, at any rate pending a reform of the Poor Law.

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THE Government has lost a seat in Oldham through the division of some thousands of votes between the two Progressive candidates—Mr. Lyulph Stanley, the Liberal, and Mr. Robinson, the representative of Labor. Mr. Bartley Dennis, the Conservative, thus slips in with 12,255 votes, which, with one exception, is the smallest Tory poll recorded in Oldham during the last eleven years. The Progressive vote was divided in the proportions of 10,623 for the Liberal and 7,448 to the Labor man. Mr. Dennis is, therefore, elected on a minority vote, and, on any moderately scientific electoral system, he would have to undergo a second contest. Mr. Robinson appears to have drawn supporters from both parties, but he took away about six Liberals to one Tory. He did not run as a Socialist, and was, of course, a Free Trader—Mr. Dennis hardly raising the fiscal issue, and supporting at least the principle of the Insurance Bill. The moral of these facts is plain. The Liberals and Labor men instead of splitting votes must unite them. Labor is clearly entitled on this trial of strength to one of the Oldham seats, and the sooner an arrangement of this kind is made the better.

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THE announcement this week that the Thames Ironworks Co. was in the hands of the Official Receiver has created widespread surprise, though the failure was not unexpected among those who have followed closely the position of the Company during the last six years, in which no dividend has been paid on ordinary shares. The last surviving firm upon the Thames to tender for Admiralty work, it has now in hand the building of the "Thunderer." It is hoped that some mode of reconstruction may be found, so as to avoid throwing out, upon the expiry of existing contracts, the four thousand men employed. Mr. Arnold Hills, the manager, assigns as the chief explanation of the collapse, the abandonment by the Admiralty, about fifteen years ago, of the former practice of inviting shipbuilders to tender for armor, as well as for hulls and machinery. The first result was that an Armor Ring has been formed, so powerful as not only to loot the Government in the price of armor, but incidentally to acquire great shipbuilding and engineering businesses, so as to secure a monopoly of Government contracts for themselves.

## Politics and Affairs.

### THE FUTURE OF BRITISH PARTIES.

THE Conservative party in the Commons have hit upon a leader by the familiar device of the *tertium quid*. It had two fairly defined candidates—Mr. Long, the representative of the moderate Toryism for which Mr. Balfour stood, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the titular head of the Tariff Reformers. These two gentlemen neutralised each other's claims. The Tariff Reformers, having expelled Mr. Balfour, would not have diluted Balfourism; the Balfourians would not crown the successful conspiracy by electing the chief rebel. We are assured by the Tory press that the rival factions spared no pains to push their partisans, and that in the contest the noblest elements of human nature struggled with some of the least respectable. A result thus achieved does something less than justice to the successful statesman. Mr. Bonar Law is, after Mr. Balfour, much the ablest man on the Front Opposition Bench. He lacks the wide and easy range of Mr. Balfour's mind, with its loose, rapid flight over the entire stage and atmosphere of politics. But he has true and valuable gifts for the leader of a political party in opposition. He can state and argue an economic case, instead of platitudinising on it, like Mr. Chamberlain, or tactfully ignoring it, like Mr. Long. We cannot exempt his ingenious and even brilliant pleading for Protection from touches of sophistry, and we should not have thought that its hard glitter and plausible flow furnished the right kind of attraction for the average Tory following. But let us at least congratulate the Opposition on at last squaring their leadership with their avowed policy. Toryism is now definitely and wholly Protectionist—a momentous and, in the last resort, a disastrous change. Behind the elegant apparatus of Mr. Balfour's mind there lay something like a plan for the deception of his party and the public. We know what reserves a shy and subtle intelligence imposes on its self-delivery before a great uncritical audience. But Mr. Balfour's Fabian retreats from actuality had become an obstacle to downright thinking which Mr. Law's appointment removes. This charming, seductive play of personality is now withdrawn. A sharper, more combative spirit, a more trenchant opposition of policy and temper, will prevail between the two Front Benches, and for the good of both. A bad cause, a false diagnosis of social ills, and a policy whose success could only give wings to the revolutionary spirit, will be commended with honesty and clearness. Thus Mr. Chamberlain has at last won his duel with Mr. Balfour—won it for his newest creed, and lost it for himself and for his son.

The change which brackets Mr. Law with Lord Lansdowne as first lieutenants in the Tory leadership is not without significance in the history of English parties. The old Tory tradition now drops out of the Tory leadership. Lord Lansdowne is a Whig; Mr. Law's closest affinities are with the type of Colonial politician who, though he approaches the English Conservative on his Protectionist side, is long leagues apart from him in the

wide field of social politics. He is a man of the type of Mr. Borden, or Sir George Reid, or Mr. Deakin. Yet there is nothing adventurous about him; no tone or tint of the embroidered waistcoat in which the young Disraeli made his serio-comic entry into the best English drawing-rooms. Mr. Law is modern and city-bred, a politician of the "business" type which fifty years ago marked a man for Radicalism of the Manchester school. He is a plain middle-class man, not of the eminence and imposing character of Sir Robert Peel. He has risen purely by his own worth, without the favor of great ladies or little coteries. The Anglican Church cannot be a passion to the son of a Presbyterian Minister, as it is to the Cecils; nor landed property be to this Canadian Scotsman what it is to the House of Lords. The resistance to the whole fabric of political democracy practically falls with Mr. Balfour's retirement; and as to social reforms, the new leader is bound by his neo-Protectionist creed to accept them, as he accepts the Insurance Bill, with the qualification that the foreigner (when he can be found) must pay for them as well as for his own. Thus our interior political situation is changed like magic, and we approach the Colonial form of democracy. In a few years the suffrage will be universal. The Established Church will go. The aristocratic order will fade gradually from its old splendor and authority, though retaining much of its old share in government. With the solution of the Irish problem, the real strength and intention of the normal British parties will appear, and it will be seen what form of society a better educated and organised nation will desire.

To these changes it is impossible to see that a Tory Party which chooses such leaders as Mr. Bonar Law can offer a very whole-hearted resistance. It will probably concentrate on Protection if only the oppressive effects of indirect taxes can be concealed, and (an almost hopeless task) the workmen persuaded to look to a rise in money wages to repay them for a certain fall in their real remuneration. It will talk Imperial Federation and mean Militarism leaning to conscription, and, on a false theory of international trade, may quarrel with Germany and risk a war that will bring revolution to the door of every great capital in Europe, including our own. Socialism it will nominally oppose, while promoting the growth of bureaucracy, and doing nothing to restore force to the representative power against the encroachments of the Executive. It cannot promote agriculture, for it will not effectively aid the break-up of the large estates either through its fiscal policy or by measures of direct settlement. But as it will have social reform on its lips, so it will enable the real reformers to come more easily by their own.

What is likely to be the counter-stroke of Liberalism to some such neo-Toryism as we have sketched? Let us premise that Liberalism can only exist by being Liberal, and by going on until some other form of democratic thought is ready to take its place. In our view its services to society should be moral as well as political. Its real enemy is a false view of public and international life. Its old foe, the aristocratic class, is practically dead. The peers, the Church, the landed gentry, can do it little or no further harm. But a bad

form of democracy may be equally injurious to itself and to Liberalism. Disorganisation and mere querulous, ineffectual revolt among the workmen might very well wreck both the Liberal and the Labor Parties. Without a more scientifically directed education, the people will never get political power, or a sufficient lift in the economic scale to keep well-paid English labor at the top of the tree, to fill up our half-empty countryside, and to enrich its soil. Their physique, deeply depressed by the errors and cruelties of the early days of the great industry, and by the wretched fate of the agricultural laborers after the enclosures, must be raised. But none of these ends can be achieved unless we adopt a moderate scale of military and naval expenditure, and a firm, enlightened foreign policy. War would, indeed, be the end of all things for Liberalism, and for the well-being of the British nation. In our view, therefore, the immediate task of Liberalism is to "preach down" the whole body of false doctrine on which Protection and Militarism equally subsist, and which must gain acceptance with Mr. Law's appointment—namely, that the rise of great, new industrial communities is inimical to our wealth, instead of providing new props and resources for its expansion. "The Empire," said Mr. Cecil Rhodes to the writer of this article, "is nothing but trade, and all we want is the open door." In other words, a wise internationalism, inspired by regard for the nation's true interests, is the Liberal doctrine, and it is a blow to those interests that, when the Tory Party have at last got an experienced mercantile man for a leader, he should be wedded to false theories of the great business on which the life of the country depends.

#### LORD CURZON TO THE RESCUE.

A WEEK ago we should have said, if it had been discreet to make the admission, that the case of Persia was altogether hopeless. Russia had threatened a more formal and completer occupation of the Northern provinces, while Anglo-Indian troops, for the first time, were penetrating to the chief centre of trade and authority in the South. Both Powers had united in placing their veto on the Persian proposal to assure order by the engagement of twenty Swedish officers. Worst of all, Mr. Morgan Shuster, the American financial controller, had encountered from both Legations an opposition so relentless, so unscrupulous, and so public, in his efforts to restore the country to solvency that his resignation and the abandonment of any further efforts in this direction could be delayed only by days or by weeks. From Persia itself the news is no better than it was. The Russian ultimatum has been delivered, and the whole Persian Government, from the Regent to the humblest Minister, has resigned, apparently by way of protest, or perhaps with a view of gaining time. There have been the usual protests in the Liberal Press, and from the few active friends of Persian liberties in Parliament, but the experience of recent years has taught us that the opinion on which the Government relies for its majority is precisely the opinion which the Foreign Office invariably disregards. The Party system, which

forbids any effectual opposition to the mischievous policy of one Department so long as the general domestic policy of an administration has the support of its followers, has neutralised the force of friendly criticism and disarmed the very party which is by its instincts and its principles the natural opponent of the policy into which Sir Edward Grey has drifted. The speech which Lord Curzon delivered on Wednesday has changed the whole situation. A strong and generous plea for Persian liberties, coupled with a criticism of Anglo-Russian diplomacy which lost nothing by its reticence and restraint, has been made at last by a man whose varied experiences as Viceroy of India, as Lord Salisbury's lieutenant at the Foreign Office, and as a traveller in Persia itself have familiarised him with every phase and aspect of the problem. It came weighted with the authority of a man who has held high office and is destined to yet greater responsibilities. Above all, it cannot be discounted by any suspicion that Lord Curzon is influenced by Nationalist leanings or is out of sympathy with the general trend and habit of thought of Imperialism. It was a plea from an Imperialist leader that an exception in the general policy of expansion and absorption should be made in Persia's favor, and it was based as much on a flattering estimate of Persian capacities and deserts as on a consideration of our interests in the Middle East and among Mohammedans all over the world. Such a remonstrance it is impossible that the Foreign Office should ignore. We do not believe that it has willingly or joyfully become an accomplice in a policy of partition and absorption for which Russia is primarily responsible. It has been weak and maladroit. The new fact is that a force of criticism and goodwill has suddenly arisen behind it which must strengthen it, if it is capable of strength, in its dealings with St. Petersburg.

There are many lines of attack to which the Foreign Office policy in Persia stands exposed, but to our thinking the most direct and the most fatal is the charge that the policy of the two protecting Powers has in effect prevented the Persian Government from effectively reforming its administration, and, so far as Russia is concerned, has undoubtedly pursued that aim with conscious and deliberate purpose. We will not recall the more distant phases of the long intrigue—the help given to the Shah against the first Mejlass, the supplies of arms, the loans of money, and the services of the Cossack brigade under Colonel Liakhoff. With his expulsion and the arrival of a strong and capable ruler in the person of the present Regent, a new start was made last year. The difficulty which faced the new Parliament could be reduced to one word—finance. The problem of restoring order was primarily one of maintaining a competent armed force which could deal with brigandage both in its purely predatory and its semi-political forms. The two Powers began by offering to guarantee a loan, provided Persia would accept the full control in every department of Russian or British agents. It was a proposal to introduce the Egyptian system, and it was rejected. To have set themselves, doubtless with varying degrees of a struggle the last vestige of Persian independence. Our reading of all that has followed is that both Powers

have set themselves, doubtless with varying degrees of consciousness, to prove to the Persians that any re-organisation of their affairs is possible only on terms of complete and abject submission. The first step was to place a veto on a loan on very advantageous terms which the new Government contrived to arrange with an independent London firm of bankers. The next step was the threat on our side, which has now been executed, to send British troops into Southern Persia unless the Persians themselves entrusted the police of these provinces to Anglo-Indian officers. There followed the invasion of the ex-Shah, which compelled the Persians to improvise a hasty army, to borrow money on what terms they could get, and to purchase arms at a ruinous rate. The Shah had been rescued from his incensed subjects by Russo-British benevolence, and consigned, at the expense of Persia, to a luxurious exile in Russian territory. Both Powers had pledged themselves to "prevent" him from intriguing against the Nationalist Government, and both Powers profess to have given him "frequent advice" to abstain from agitation. What in fact Russia did, we know from the dying confession of his commander-in-chief, made publicly in the hearing of the "*Times*" correspondent. The ex-Shah confided his intention of invading Persia to the Russian Ambassador in Vienna, who informed him that Russia would be neutral, assured him that the "field is clear," and gave him friendly advice as to the best means of raising money. The "*Times*" itself admits, in a leading article that "some Russian authorities connived in the ex-Shah's return," though it acquits the Russian Foreign Office. To believe that the Ambassador in Vienna made no communication to his chief when he had learned the ex-Shah's intentions, is a stretch of credulity of which we find ourselves incapable. The "*Novoe Vremya*" certainly knew in advance, and launched, apparently from its inner consciousness, a press campaign in Mohamet Ali's favor a full week before the telegraph had reported his unimpeded descent through Russian territory on the Persian coast.

With the failure of this manœuvre from which the agents of Russian policy had clearly hoped great things, the two Powers fell back on the policy of obstruction. The statistics of the past year, published this week, show that the external trade of Southern Persia has expanded no less than 37 per cent. Some disorder there certainly is in the South, but its extent is measured by these figures. The civil war, which ended at last in the ex-Shah's defeat, had made it morally and materially impossible for the Persian Government to undertake a serious and costly work of reorganisation. But neither consideration for its difficulties, nor satisfaction at the thriving condition of our trade, has deterred us from sending our Indian squadrons to Shiraz. Meanwhile Mr. Shuster, with an American energy and fearlessness, had been at work on the reorganisation of the finances. He discovered at an early stage of his work that the poverty of the treasury was due mainly to the fact that the grandees, who form the loyalist and reactionary party, had for years evaded the payment of their taxes. Searching for some Europeans to organise an honest tax-

collecting gendarmerie, he was met with the difficulty of finding men who knew the country and its language. Russia at once interpreted her economic monopoly in the North as a political privilege, and with our aid has successively vetoed the nomination of two British subjects as assistants to Mr. Shuster. Worse still is the system which she has followed of enrolling Persians as her *protégés*, and claiming on their behalf a virtual immunity from taxation, and the right to the protection of Russian Consular Guards against the demands of Mr. Shuster's gendarmes. She has set up a state within a state. She rewards her partisans and the Shah's with freedom from their responsibilities as Persian citizens. She claims on their behalf to exercise on Persian soil rights of police and functions of government which are an absolute negation of Persian sovereignty. She is making anarchy and obstructing reform, and with the usual logic of aggressive Imperialism she now claims to occupy the country whose government she has rendered impossible.

The risks which British acquiescence in this Russian policy of absorption entails cannot be too clearly stated. It must alienate from us—reinforced as it is by our record in the question of Tripoli—anything that remains of confidence in us throughout the Moslem East. Lord Curzon spoke none too strongly on that point. It is still more serious that when the last vestige of Persian independence is destroyed, its ruin must confront us with the Russian land forces across a co-terminous frontier difficult to defend. But there is a simpler and directer reason for resenting Sir Edward Grey's acceptance of these Russian manœuvres. They are, in all the records of recent aggression, the most dishonest, the most unmanly, the most treacherous. They cover even Russia with shame, and they reflect on us the disgrace of a vicarious dishonor. Russia has transgressed the code of international morals because she has an ambition and cherishes a perfectly intelligible greed. We have become her accomplice, not because we wanted anything ourselves, but simply because our diplomacy has lacked the backbone to utter a firm remonstrance.

#### WHO OUGHT TO VOTE?

So many big issues engage the public mind just now that the Government's announcement of a Franchise Bill securing manhood suffrage has hardly aroused that intensity of interest to which its importance entitles it. But if no very great enthusiasm has been displayed on its behalf, no passionate hostility is expressed by the Opposition. It may indeed be held that politicians of all parties in the country are so deeply committed at any rate to the lip-service of democracy as to make it difficult to oppose any measure for extending the power of the people. A party which, less than a year ago, plunged on the tactical impetuosity of a Referendum policy could hardly profess to be shocked by the far milder experiment in the extension of democratic machinery now proposed. Moreover, since it is pretty evident that the Government has the Parliamentary power to pass their

measure into law, it may well appear the part of discretion for those who in three years' time will have to face the enlarged electorate, to conceal any dislike to such enlargement which they harbor in their minds. Though, therefore, the Bill will, no doubt, be accorded the due formalities of war when it is introduced next year, the acerbity of the conflict is greatly mitigated by a recognition of the certainty of the result. Moreover, most Conservatives have never stringently regarded the principle of one man one vote, provided it is attended by the other principle, one vote one value. Mr. Asquith's definite undertaking that this accompaniment shall take place greatly smoothes the path of the Reform Bill. We presume, however, that redistribution will not be compassed by the same Bill as that which extends the franchise, for while manhood suffrage, even amended for the admission of women, would be a short and fairly simple measure, which need not make large claims upon the time of Parliament, redistribution would, of necessity, involve greater detailed difficulty, and a process of inquiry and discussion that must occupy considerable time. Even were the principle of redistribution alone incorporated in the text of this Bill, its application being left to commissions, such a course could not be taken without ample consideration of the regulations by which the principle should be applied. All things considered, it seems expedient that the Government, though pledging itself to redistribution, should postpone that measure until its final session, lest it should jeopardise the carrying through of its franchise reform next session. For, though Mr. Asquith, so far, has only spoken of the introduction of such a Bill, it is, of course, to be understood that it must be carried through all its stages in the Commons, in order that any opposition of the Lords may be over-ridden by the new powers of the Veto Law.

At present the popular interest in the new proposal centres round the amendments in favor of including women. Though the Government, having regard to the deep rift of opinion in its members, has been obliged to formulate its policy in a form which expressly flouts the claims of women suffragists of all degrees, it is felt, we think, by all save the irreconcilable, that the announcement regarding amendments makes a distinct advance, not only in real liberality of treatment, but in the natural prospects of success for woman's suffrage. If a woman's suffrage amendment of any size or character is approved by the House, it will forthwith be incorporated in the Government Bill and defended as if it had been there from the beginning. This is a better opportunity than was afforded by the Conciliation Bill, which all sections of suffragists agreed to support. For it leaves the Commons open, by the passing of an adult suffrage amendment, to secure for women that full equality which the Conciliation Bill did not secure. The Conciliation Bill, which was the maximum that they could hope to get from this Parliament, thus becomes a minimum, while the chance of achieving some measure of success for the cause is materially advanced by the pledge to defend amendments. Supporters of adult suffrage in Parliament and outside are full of hope. It is recognised that the measure, which finally removes

property as a basis of citizenship and substitutes personality, cannot be defended on a sex interpretation of personality. Every argument which makes manhood a claim to effective citizenship holds equally for womanhood. Nothing but naked and avowed sex-prejudice can evade this logic, and such prejudice is losing its strength as a determining factor in this struggle of democratic principle. Supporters of adult suffrage are laying plans to rouse the country in favor of the solution which is the simplest, justest, and most expedient. Adult suffrage must come. Why should it not come now? If there be any risks in the proposed extension of the franchise to the poorer grades of workers, it adds nothing to those risks; if there be gains, as the Government must contend, it increases these gains. Moreover, the complete healing of the sense of injustice rankling in the hearts of a great part of the nation would in itself prove an added strength to the body politic. But if this large joint solution is to be reached, the people must bring pressure on the Government. For Cabinets are not the places where faith and courage find full nourishment. We learn that the Ministerial supporters of women's suffrage are disinclined to advocate a full admission of women on equal terms with men. They are believed to favor the adoption of an amendment which would incorporate a married women's qualification with that furnished by the Conciliation Bill. Such an amendment would undoubtedly enfranchise a large majority of women as wives or as municipal electors. But it would omit a considerable number of those professional and educated women who are particularly well qualified by intelligence and interest for useful citizenship. It would, moreover, involve very awkward and anomalous conditions for the municipal franchise, which, extended for men to correspond with the new Parliamentary franchise, would remain for women on its present clumsy and inequitable basis. But, worst of all, it would leave a continuation of that sense of wrong which every denial of equality involves. We hope that Ministerial supporters of women's suffrage will not commit themselves to any such lame and illogical compromise, but will listen to the gathering will of the people which, we feel sure, will set more and more distinctly towards a single and final solution of the problem of the franchise on an adult basis.

There remains, however, a final question of considerable importance, namely, the interpretation of "adult." The recognition of twenty-one as the legal definition is a purely arbitrary one. Nothing demands that this low age limit should necessarily be adopted for a democratic franchise. It came in with the property qualification; it might very well disappear with it. We doubt much whether the new qualification of personality can be considered to be completely attained by the ordinary youth who passes his twenty-first birthday. As infancy becomes more prolonged with civilisation, so does youth. Among the well-to-do classes, boys and girls remain more and more *in statu pupillari* until well after twenty-one. Professional life can hardly be said to be begun before twenty-five. The same tendency is making itself felt in other classes and grades of society. Greater and more adequate technical training will undoubtedly

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defer the period of an independent manhood or womanhood and a full economic status for an increasing number of youths. Why should not the age of qualification for the extended franchise be raised, in the case of future voters, to twenty-five? Levity is natural to youth, but it cannot be regarded as a factor serviceable in the art of government. Nor can it reasonably be considered that youths just entering on their adult life have either the experience or the considerate judgment likely to be valuable immediately for citizenship. To reserve the franchise in the future for men and women of twenty-five would, we are disposed to hold, enhance its value and afford more security for its reliable and sober use. We desire at any rate to suggest to those who will concern themselves with the effects of the proposed extension of citizenship the advisability of raising the age limit, so as to reserve full citizenship for those who are really men and women.

#### STEPS TOWARDS A LABOR SETTLEMENT.

THOUGH it may be amended in detail, we can hardly doubt that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's resolution on the railway trouble will, in substance, commend itself to the House of Commons. The public will not tolerate another suspension of the railway services on the question of recognition. It is true that the men's case has been somewhat prejudiced by the attitude of the leaders who, if they did not mean to be bound by the findings of the Commission, ought to have said so at the time when the Board of Trade proclaimed that both parties were willing so to be bound. But this criticism on the men's case has lost point since they have revised their immediate demands, and more especially in view of the explanations which Mr. Henderson has put forward, of the real mind of the Commissioners. Mr. Henderson is able to show that, though the actual scheme of conciliation recommends "recognition" only in the limited form of freedom to elect an outsider as secretary on the men's side of the Conciliation Board, the general remarks of the Commission on the subject of "recognition" do not militate against the suggestion which the unions now put forward, but rather support it. What the unions ask is that the Directors should meet them to discuss the findings of the Commission, and to agree upon their interpretation. Now, in the paragraphs to which Mr. Henderson draws attention, the Report, after ruling out "intervention" in questions of discipline and management, proceeds to speak of the usefulness of friendly relations with the unions in settling certain questions. In particular it remarks:—

"The witness who appeared before us on behalf of the Great Western Railway gave an illustration of the valuable results which attended his collaboration with the trade union official who had conducted the case of the men before the arbitrator. In that instance many vexed points of interpretation were settled quite satisfactorily, and, *in our opinion, a more general adoption of this method of negotiation would be helpful to both parties.*" (The italics are ours.)

This is not a binding recommendation, but it is a

suggestion. In other words, the Commissioners did not bring recognition in this form into their amended scheme, but they do advise resort to it in questions of difficulty, and particularly on points of interpretation. Now, it is just such resort that the unions desire, and just for the purpose of interpretation. We regret that they have in a measure confused the issue by issuing ballot papers on the question of a strike for full recognition. But if they confine themselves to the specific point of recognition for the purpose, not of rejecting or superseding the amended scheme, but of setting it going in a form which shall be thoroughly understood by both parties, they have the moral weight of the Commission on their side. Given that they succeed on this point, we do not think it likely that the extremists will, on their side, succeed in forcing a strike. Considerable financial concessions have been made by the Companies, and as we pointed out when first reviewing the Report, it was some immediate improvement in labor conditions which was required as a preliminary to the successful working of Conciliation. Men who have just won advances, even if they are less than they desired, do not hastily jeopardise everything. To succeed, a strike must be not less but more widely supported than that of August, and the pacific resolution of so representative a place as Crewe is good evidence that it would in fact meet with serious opposition from a great body of union men.

The conditions, then, are favorable to peace provided that the unions can be satisfied as to the meaning of the agreement under which in future it is proposed that they should work. To secure this satisfaction, they desire a preliminary conference of directors and union representatives. It is difficult for the directors, to whom the findings of the Commission are on the whole favorable, and who have never questioned that they are bound by them, to refuse such a meeting in the face of the paragraph quoted above. It may be said that they would be granting "recognition" in meeting the men, but it is a measure of recognition which the Commission praises and advises if it does not enjoin. If the railway men give us to understand that peace depends on this meeting, it will clearly be the duty of the Government to see that it comes about. We must remember that there are moderates and extremists among the directors as there are among the men, and the business of the Government is to keep the extremists in hand. On the other side, there must be no further ambiguity about the position of the unions. If they press for this meeting, they must frankly pledge themselves to take its decisions as final. They must state clearly and authoritatively that a full interpretation of the scheme once arrived at will be given a fair trial, and that no attempt will be made to go behind it during the three years for which it runs.

Meanwhile, the threatened stoppage of the coal mines has been at least temporarily averted. But the future prospect is clouded and uncertain, owing to the divergence of view as between different coalfields. The demand of the Miners' Federation is for a minimum wage irrespective of the coal actually won. The owners object to this that it may mean equal payment for a slack and for a good workman. But this objection—which extends

to all day-labor—is open to the remedy of reducing the length of contracts with men employed in abnormal places, and dismissing them if their work is unsatisfactory. The majority of the English coal owners have accepted this view. They have agreed to the minimum wage in principle, and it is understood that there is no very great gap between the figure which they would be willing to give and that which the Federation demands. The difficulty is mainly in South Wales, where the owners have hitherto wholly rejected the demand, and where a section of the men favor strong and hasty action. Violent counsels have, however, been overborne at the delegate meeting, and time is given for the South Wales owners to fall into line. The principle of a minimum wage—established for piece work in the Federation area as long ago as 1894—is a sound one, and needs to be completed by the extension now proposed. Nor can we criticise the desire of the relatively well-paid hewers to level up the wages of the day-man. The general rise in prices postulates an equivalent increase in money wages if the standard of life is to be maintained, and the maintenance and improvement of the standard is after all the supreme interest of national economics. Pressing firmly and steadily for these reforms, without violence or menace, the men will carry with them the sympathy of the majority of the public.

#### THE ANGLO-GERMAN CRISIS OF LAST SUMMER.

THE question every Englishman of common sense should ask himself, and the question to which he must find an answer if he means business and not mere talk, is this: Why does a settlement of the Franco-German dispute coincide with an aggravation of discord between Britain and Germany? To argue that this discord is limited on the German side to what are called the Pan-Germans is ridiculous. In spite of the improved outlook, most Germans still feel that Germany has a real grievance against England since the events of last July, whatever view may be held of the German Government's tactics in foreign policy. In May of this year the Anglo-German Friendship Society was ushered into being at the Mansion House amidst a chorus of good wishes from distinguished men who have held positions of high responsibility in the State. The other day, in the same building, so well-informed and responsible an authority as Sir Frank Lascelles stated that German bitterness agains' us was greater than it had ever been before. For that matter we need not take our opinion from Sir Frank Lascelles, for the material of confirmation is, alas! abundant. Until last July it could be truly said that there was no real cause of friction between the two peoples. That cannot be said to-day, for, in German eyes, a cause has been created.

We are living in a world of illusions if we "shy" at recognising frankly in what the cause consists. On July 21st, a member of the British Cabinet, justly admired by Liberal opinion for his courage and his legislative ability, and proportionately disliked by Conservative opinion, delivered a speech which was immediately interpreted by anti-German publicists here and in France as an official pronouncement that Great Britain intended to throw her whole weight in the scale in favor of France against Germany in the negotiations then proceeding between them. That may not have been the intention of the speech. But following, as it did, by twenty-four hours an exclusive announcement in the "Times" as to the character of the alleged German "demands" accompanied by an editorial of a really violent kind commenting thereon, no other interpretation was possible. What were the circumstances in

which the speech was delivered? After the first impression of surprise—and in some quarters resentment—which greeted the arrival of the "Panther" at Agadir, there was a distinct pause. The French Press was not so terribly excited. Indeed, "Le Temps" referred to the step, in its issue of July 8th, as the opening of "positive negotiations," and was inclined to blame successive French Cabinets for the tergiversations which had invited it. "Conversations" were opened at Berlin. The lull continued for ten days. It was suddenly broken by the "Times'" announcement, immediately followed by Mr. Lloyd George's speech. The crucial passage in that speech was as follows:—

"I conceive that nothing would justify a disturbance of international goodwill except questions of the gravest national moment. But if a situation were to be forced upon us in which peace could only be preserved by the surrender of the great and beneficent position Britain has won by centuries of heroism and achievement, by allowing Britain to be treated where her interests were vitally affected as if she were of no account in the Cabinet of nations, then I say emphatically that peace at that price would be a humiliation intolerable for a great country like ours to endure. National honor is no party question."

The justification for that pronouncement is not being discussed. But it is surely a matter of the most absolute necessity that the nation should know why it was delivered, and *why it was delivered on July 21st*. A statement directly inspired by the Foreign Office is going the rounds that the speech was a deliberate protest against the non-acknowledgment of a communication to the German Government requesting information as to that Government's intentions in despatching the "Panther" to Agadir; that in making this inquiry and in protesting through Mr. Lloyd George against its non-acknowledgment the British Government was *solely concerned with Germany's intentions as regards Morocco*. Mr. Asquith's speech in the House on July 28th, in which he said that "in other parts of West Africa, we should not think of attempting to interfere with territorial arrangements considered reasonable by those who are most directly interested," is pointed to as confirming the assertion that it was only Morocco the British Foreign Office had in mind, it being impossible for Britain to stand aside while Germany and France settled the future of that country by themselves as if Britain were "of no account in the Cabinet of nations." For the credit of British diplomacy it is to be hoped that the Foreign Office has some better explanation than this to offer for the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech. Setting aside the German version of the unanswered despatch, which appears to differ materially from the above, what, so far as Morocco was concerned, had we to fear from Germany? From first to last there has never been the shadow of a suggestion from any quarter that the Foreign Office had occasion to fear anything but the neutralisation or Spanishification of Tangier. The Foreign Office finally abandoned the idea of securing any territorial influence in Morocco when it negotiated the Anglo-French Convention of 1904—consequently there was no possible conflict of interests in that direction. The "positive negotiations"—to quote "Le Temps"—which ensued after the arrival of the "Panther" at Agadir, did not constitute a new departure. There had been continuous direct negotiations between Germany and France touching the future of Morocco since 1907—in fact, ever since France showed herself determined to upset the *status quo* imposed by the Algeciras Act. In February, 1909, the two Powers actually arrived at a momentary understanding in a published convention. Direct negotiations were resumed in 1909, 1910, and 1911. Another agreement was actually negotiated by the Briand Cabinet in December of last year, only to be rejected, to the exasperation of Germany, by the Monis Cabinet when the Briand Cabinet resigned, not daring to face the Chamber on the N'Goko Sangha scandals. Was the Foreign Office ignorant of these later negotiations which sought to establish a basis of economic co-operation between France and Germany in Morocco and the French Congo? Finally, Germany had made it plain throughout these negotiations that her aim, so far as Morocco was concerned, was not political but economic.

From the first she had sought, by every means in her power by ordinary diplomatic methods, to bind France down to the "open door" in Morocco and to secure territorial compensation in the French Congo before a virtual French protectorate over Morocco had become a *fait accompli*; from the first, the effort of French diplomacy was concentrated upon securing the *fait accompli* without committing itself to positive engagements in regard to the "open door," or to territorial compensation in the French Congo. If we are to accept the Foreign Office explanation of Mr. Lloyd George's speech as the full and complete one, it is a self-confessed admission of incompetence so patent as to compel investigation in another direction.

The closer the rôle played by the "Times" in all this affair is examined, the more impossible does it become not to connect the statements of that journal on July 20th with Mr. Lloyd George's speech on July 21st, and it can be shown that this is the "Times'" own view. That the "Times" correspondents in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna frequently act as the mouthpieces of the Embassies in those capitals is not to be doubted. The personal popularity of the very able "Times" correspondent in Paris and his intimate touch with French Government circles are both unquestionable. No one can have any illusions as to the inspiration which the "Times" draws from the Foreign Office—its leader of Saturday last on Persian affairs is pure Greyism: in reading it you have the vivid impression of listening to Sir Edward Grey speaking in the House. On July 20th the "Times" announced that the "conversations" at Berlin had "resulted in the formulation of extensive German demands." Germany had "demanded" from France the cession of the lower French Congo from the Coast to the Sangha river, together with the right of pre-emption held by France over the Congo State. This announcement was made, partly, although if the texts are examined, not, it would seem, wholly, on the strength of a despatch from the "Times" correspondent in Paris. The "Times" editorial opened thus: "The German demands are at last known." It went on to say that "no French Government could for a moment entertain" these demands; that German statesmen must know "that no British Government could consent to suffer so great a change to be made in the distribution of power in Africa, even were a French Government to be found feeble enough to sanction it." By these demands, the "Times" went on to say, "British interests and other foreign interests as well would be far more directly affected than by any step which Germany has yet taken in Morocco or in Africa." The "Times" closed its leader with this sentence, "Possibly the visit of one or two British ships to Agadir, such as we suggested yesterday, might hasten developments"—a sentence which suggests that the Foreign Office was contemplating this foolish and dangerous policy. Thus in the view of the "Times" a cession to France of the lower French Congo from the Coast to the Sangha river and the transfer to Germany of France's right of pre-emption to the Congo State, were so grave a menace to British interests that no British Government ought to tolerate them, even if a French Government were weak enough to do so. Twenty-four hours after that announcement came Mr. Lloyd George's speech! How did the "Times" greet that speech? It suddenly discovered attributes of the highest statesmanship in the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The speech was referred to in two different parts of the "Times" of July 22nd. In one place the whole speech was given, headed "Mr. Lloyd George on British prestige." The passage here quoted was repeated *verbatim* elsewhere, headed, "The European situation. Significant reference by Mr. Lloyd George. Firm British attitude." Its importance was underlined at the opening and close of the quotation by sundry editorial remarks. A leader entitled "The European crisis" again insisted that neither France nor England could entertain German demands of the character indicated—demands, be it noted, that had no concern with Morocco, but solely and wholly with the Congo.

It is of extreme importance at this stage in our inquiry to take note of four points. First, that from that day to this no proof has been adduced that Germany ever demanded the transfer to her of France's right of pre-emption over the Congo State. Secondly, the admission in "Le Temps" (issue of October 21st) that the compensation actually secured by Germany in the French Congo is "very much the same (*à peu de chose près*) as was envisaged last July": in other words, what the "Times" declared on July 20th to be intolerable to any British Government. Thirdly, that from various French sources (which could be quoted if space allowed) there is abundant indication that by the end of the first fortnight in July the principle of the open door in Morocco had been definitely agreed to by France; that Germany had definitely agreed to the principle of a French Protectorate on that basis, plus compensation in the French Congo, and that the conversations at Berlin were entirely concerned with the French Congo. Fourthly, that all through July, August, and September the Franco-German conversations retained in the mind of public opinion here the character given to them in the "Times" of July 20th, of German "demands," and outrageous demands, upon France, and that nothing was done by the British Government to modify the impression thus created.

This month we see the legend gradually dissolving. In the "Times" of November 8th we find the Paris correspondent saying, "In this connection, the question is once more raised whether at any stage of the recent negotiations Germany made more far-reaching proposals to France with regard to the French right of pre-emption in respect of the Belgian Congo State." What on July 20th was a fact, becomes by November 8th a query! More significant, if possible, is the telegram from the Berlin correspondent in the same issue. "When the original German 'demands' were published in the 'Times' of July 20th, it was understood that Germany claimed the cession of the French reversionary rights over the Congo State. This was officially denied by Germany. It was, however, obvious that the question could not be left altogether alone in a settlement which brings German possessions into contact with the Congo state." (They have been "in contact" with the Congo State on the East for twenty years—but no matter!) The correspondent adds, "There seems to be no reason why the new arrangement should not command itself to Belgium." But in the "Times" of November 10th the Berlin correspondent reverts to the original view, and to all intents and purposes claims that the "Times" was the inspirer of Mr. Lloyd George's speech:

"It must be observed," he says, "that Herr von Bethmann Hollweg's version of events is remarkable for its omissions. The acuteness of the recent 'crisis' was beyond all question due in large measure to two things—the manner in which Germany chose to conduct the conversations with France, and the original presentation by Germany of demands enormously in excess of the gains which ultimately satisfied her. The demands were presented in the middle of July and they were withdrawn at the beginning of August. Mr. Lloyd George's speech was delivered on the morrow of the publication of the demands.\* The speech would presumably not have been delivered if the demands had not been presented and pressed."

And yet those alleged "demands" were admittedly not concerned with Morocco at all, although it was only of Morocco that the Foreign Office was thinking when it induced Mr. Lloyd George to make his speech! Are we right in insisting that the nation must demand a full and frank explanation of the part played by the Foreign Office in this episode? The fact of the matter would seem to be that this country is being used as a marionette by French diplomacy, which has again shown itself in a peculiar light through the publication of the secret Franco-Spanish treaties of 1902, 1904, 1905, proving that while French statesmen were talking of Moroccan "independence" to all Europe, they had actually arranged with Spain the partition of the Shereefian Empire.

\* I.e., in the "Times," as stated above.

## Life and Letters.

### THE SPIRIT THAT DENIES.

Most of us believe that we live in stirring times, and that the century of which we have now taken a tithe is likely to be prodigal of happenings and achievements. Even Nature herself might seem to have conspired with Man to confound all records and to stale all precedents in the exuberance of her gigantic play, as Messina and San Francisco bear testimony. Nothing at any rate has been lacking of the spectacular in human history. The decade has been rich in wars and revolutions. The year through which we are now passing has to most spectators presented a world "seething like a saucepan," as the little Chinese Emperor avers of China in his penitential psalm. Almost every country of the New and the Old World seems simultaneously rocking beneath the tide of some vast cosmic energy making for upheaval and for transformation. The quick awakening of the spell-bound East is but the most amazing and magnificent of the great episodes in the romance of our new century. Every nation has its peculiar expression of those forces of unrest and revolution. Never since the beginning of recorded time has the world offered to wide-eyed mortals such a thrilling and varied spectacle of unexpected achievement. Nor is it only in the world of politics that the forces are active, shaking off the yoke of ancient tyrannies and moving through perilous seas towards a new order of human relations. Every science is bubbling with new discovery: biology, chemistry, and physics are embarking on new interpretations and experiments which offer endless vistas both of intellectual interest and of practical control over the powers of organic and inorganic nature. Psychology, the latest of the sciences, is just opening up a rich unmapped region of exploration, destined perhaps to yield knowledge of the human mind that will do as much for the inner order and progress of our lives as the great mechanical inventions of the nineteenth century have done for our external arrangements. Every organised activity of the intellect is, moreover, moving on to a plane of more accurate method, and mathematics itself—the science of sciences—is engaging in a new career of conquest. Nor are these merely esoteric movements, the secluded fruits of little walled gardens of intellectual culture. The products of modern knowledge are vulgar in their ostentation; prodigies such as the aeroplane, wireless telegraphy, and the new miracles of chemistry, flaunt themselves before the sight of all who have eyes to see.

If we were called upon to designate in a single phrase the quality of the age that is now dawning, we should say that it consisted in the fruitful union of faith with reason. The enthusiastic welcome accorded just now to the philosophy of Bergson is a clear, instinctive recognition of the widespread conviction that the world is entering on a new era of creative faith, which will manifest itself in works greater and more various than any in the preceding periods of civilisation. And not in the sciences alone, but in art and literature, religion and social co-operation, in every sphere of thought and action, we can already trace the novel fruits of this union. It would seem to require an unusual obliquity of vision, or an equally unusual perversity of temper, for a modern Englishman dwelling in the very centre of this throbbing life to deny its existence. Yet there is one man to whom all these seeming marvels of new thought and achievement are matters, not of mere indifference, but of depreciation and repudiation, who sees in every field of endeavour outside the sciences "signs of exhaustion" and "a dearth of genius," who commiserates his hearers in that "their lot was cast in a rather unpromising and uninspiring time," when "the race-spirit was resting on its oars," and when "creeds and philosophies were crumbling," and religious thought was dividing into two groups, "one materialistic, strongly ethical, and Protestant, and the other half-sceptical, half-superstitious, that of Modernist Catholicism." Everything is moving rapidly along the

road to ruin. The great industrial fabric of the nineteenth century is tottering, our coal supply is being exhausted with criminal carelessness, and "our labor was no longer very good and was becoming exceedingly dear." The Yellow Man was coming to his kingdom, and "would make short work of the pampered trade-unionist," and "if present tendencies continued to prevail, Poplar and West Ham would some day have to be turned into grazing farms again." The root of all the trouble lay in democracy, "perhaps the silliest of all fetishes seriously worshipped amongst us." For democracy enthroned the foolish working man, who "seemed to have resolved to make himself comfortable by taxing capital—in plain words, by looting the accumulations of Queen Victoria's reign, and living on the rates and taxes. He would have a short life and a merry one."

Where shall we look for this Spirit that Denies, this supreme and universal pessimist? Neither pothouse nor Tory club is responsible for an allocution at once so depressing and so false. No; the lowest depth of cynicism and of pessimism is the voice, not of the world, not of the flesh, not of the devil, but of a self-desecrating and a practically atheist Church. For what sort of deity resides in the ordering of human events which Dr. Inge, the Dean of our great City church, recognises for the universe? We presume that there is somewhere in his theology a place for God, somewhere apparently as remote from human history and the help of man as "the Gods" of Epicurus himself,

"who haunt  
The lucid interspace of world and world  
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,  
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,  
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,  
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar  
Their sacred everlasting calm."

In Dr. Inge's "Weltanschauung" (shall we call it?) we can see no room for any operative Providence, not even for that thinnest mode of divinity which the late Professor James so finely designated "a stream of ideal tendency embedded in the eternal structure of the world."

We would ask, not without indignation, what right this cynical divine has to impose so false and so slatternly an interpretation of the age upon the Women's Diocesan Association. The pothouse politician, the philosopher of a Tory club, might perhaps be pardoned so ignorant an outburst. But a high dignitary of the Church, whose life has been spent in dignified and not unrewarded ease, amid the fullest opportunities for acquiring information and for cultivating a sobriety of judgment, must be aware that he has founded his indictment upon no inquiry into relevant facts. He must at least be aware that most, if not all, of those whose business it is to gather and interpret the facts and forces of our economic life deny the truth of his assertions that our industries are decaying, that the workers are looting the accumulations of last century, and are living "a merry life" upon the rates and taxes. These are reckless and farcical libels upon the main body of his countrymen and upon the progress of the time. Proceeding as they do from an eminent dignitary of the Established Church, they serve more clearly than any other evidence to indicate the gulf which separates the spirit of a faithless ecclesiasticism from the new social spirit which the more liberal Churches are striving to instil into the service of man.

Perhaps we shall be told that we are unwarranted in treating Dr. Inge's address as possessing any wider significance than that of a merely personal confession of faith. An amazing and amusing feature lies in the title chosen for the course of lectures, of which this deliverance was the first, "The Co-operation of the Church with the Spirit of the Age." We do not forget the shrewd comment made by another "Spirit that Denies" upon the Zeitgeist:—

Was Ihr den Geist der Zeiten heisst  
Das ist im Grund der Herren eigner Geist,  
In dem die Zeiten sich bespiegeln."

In other words, we need not take Dr. Inge's diatribe

too seriously. The true spirit of the age will survive the Dean's travesty. But we confess to some feeling of curiosity as to the mode in which Dr. Inge thinks his Church can advantageously "co-operate" with such a spirit of the age as he discovers.

#### "APOLLO SMILED."

LAST week we were wondering whether Lord Rosebery was right in wishing to destroy the superannuated book and clear our libraries by a remorseless sacrifice. This week proves him right in one point at least: the difficulty of destruction. Burn a book as you may, he said, it is sure to turn up again; and the meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund at Burlington House gives him an instance pat. It was known that Sophocles had once written a satyr-drama called "The Trackers," or "On the Trail," dealing, not with scalps and the boundless prairie, but with the childhood of a god. For many centuries, we suppose for about fifteen, that play had been lost—destroyed as some may have hoped; and now, sure enough, it turns up again among a lot of old Egyptian papyri that, we imagine, were used as convenient wrappings for mummies, just as we wrap parcels in newspaper now. If that was so, the ancient undertakers got together a queer mixture of papers for their business. We read of large bits of a "Life of Euripides," of a treatise by Philo on "Drunkenness" (no doubt condemning it), and of the "Shepherd of Hermas," a popular scripture among early Christians. Mixed up in this variegated collection was found the bit of Sophocles—a fragment of about four hundred lines, running to half a jolly farce; or, perhaps we ought to say, a moderately jolly farce.

It is dangerous just now to talk of dithyrambs, satyrs, Dionysus, and the origins of tragedy. Like "Protection," "Conciliation," and other gentle words, these things have acquired an inflaming power. But, perhaps, without arousing evil passions, we may say that more than two thousand years ago the Athenians used the satyr-drama as a kind of happy ending. To us it seems incredible, but it really appears to be true that an Athenian audience could sit out three tragedies in succession. When that amazing exercise of intellectual and passionate attention was over, and the emotions of pity and terror had been so purged that one cannot suppose a single thrill of either remaining, the Athenians demanded a change. Like the jaded novel-reader, they must have their happy ending, the relief of cheerfulness and gaiety, to send them home in good temper, ready to face the common world. So, at the end of the tragedies, just as Harlequin and Columbine spring on the stage when the pantomime at last rings down, out ran Silenus and his satyrs to cheer spirits up. If "Philo on Drunkenness" had then been known, they might have profited by it; for their state was far from sober, and for that reason they used to be thought the religious relics of the old vintage festivals in which tragedy was supposed to have originated. Hurrying from that perilous ground, we now only assume that, for one reason or another, there the satyrs were, huddling and fuddling around their old Silenus, and it was their part to worship the god who frees from care by sending the citizens away with a pleasant taste in their mouths.

That seems all very natural. There is a point at which the strain of emotion must be relaxed or shifted, especially when the emotion is merely passive, derived from imaginary representations, and unable to find its proper expression in deeds. We all know the practice of letting an audience or a reader down gently. None but the very highest of our dramatists and other writers has dared to depart from it and lived. But still it does seem a little strange to us that the very highest of the Greek dramatists should have been compelled to follow this fashion. The poet of the three stupendous tragedies was also expected to write the jolly farce, and we believe the three greatest names in all drama wrote farces as a matter of course. It is as though upon our modern stage

—but we search in vain for a parallel. Our most distinguished dramatists seem such *farceurs*, to start with, in comparison with the Greeks, that the corresponding wonder would be if at the end of their farces they gave us tragedy. But let us imagine a theatre in which are represented the most ancient and familiar traditions of religious belief and heroic history. The course of the action is as sacred and unalterable as the Bible stories were six centuries ago. Upon the stage move vast figures of men and women almost divine, known by name to the audience from childhood, magnified by dim associations of ancestral records and ancient poetry, and connected with famous places, which many had seen, and, indeed, could sometimes see from the theatre itself, while at the beginning and end of the play a very god would frequently appear. For the nearest approach to such a drama in England, we must look, not to our Strand or Haymarket, not even to the Elizabethan stage, but to the acting of such a play as "Everyman" in a village churchyard, beside the grey tower, in times when every word of it was believed, and overhead was heaven, and underneath the graves a gulf of hell yawned with fire.

No antiquarian revival can restore to us the secret of the power exercised by plays like that and the Athenian drama. The unquestioning belief, the personal appeal, and the sense of an intimate but religious bond between the stage and the audience are lost. All this the English and the Greek had in common, but in Athens, in place of the doggerel, strung together by some unknown clerk, and still so charming in its naïvete, the audience listened to poetry issuing in perfection of form from the greatest intellects the world has produced. They watched the slow penalty dogging crime, even crime ordained by heaven; they saw noble spirits slowly entangled in the nets of destiny; they were shown the grandeur of the high-hearted rebel, even in the midst of his suffering; behind the blare of warlike triumph, they heard the wailings of human pity, to which even gods are deaf. Not a note of unhappy love, or passionate vengeance, or superb defiance, or the madness that waits on pride, remained untouched. Every vast and universal passion might there be seen depicted, and the words of that passionate utterance were framed in lines which the succeeding scholars of centuries have spent their lives in collecting or restoring as mankind's lasting possession.

But, as they sat, overwhelmed by the emotion of that tragic glory, the Athenian audience felt they wanted something to make them laugh. They called for the happy ending and jolly farce. They liked to be reminded of the old country times of sunburnt mirth and bubbling vintage. Even in London it would be almost irreligious to drop the harlequinade. And so the great tragedians of man's soul had to raise a laugh as best they could with bloated Silenus and his goat-footed rout. The comfortable belief that the best things in literature survive and the inferior things perish is, unhappily, false. If it were true, we should have no need of Lord Rosebery's warnings and lamentations, for all our libraries would be quite manageable, elegant in their slenderness. But still, it is, perhaps, significant that only one of these tragedian jokes has hitherto been known to survive. Euripides wrote it, and he got his fun out of the merry old story of Ulysses and the Cyclops. Silenus plays a Caliban overcome with joy at the wine-skin Ulysses has brought to the island. The satyrs are the chorus, slaves to the Cyclops, rejoicing at the chance of freedom, with lots to eat and drink. To them enters the monstrous giant, crying his "Fee, fi, fo, fum," and the farce continues like Jack-and-the-Beanstalk, fine business being made out of Ulysses and his Nobody pun. It is all very jolly, and it must have been a great relief after three torturing tragedies. But when we think what those tragedies may have been—let us suppose them some play on the siege of Troy, followed by the "Trojan Women," and the "Hecuba," so as to make a fairly consecutive story reaching the extreme of fear and pity—when we try to imagine the mind of the poet who produced these tragedies, and of the audience who listened to them, and then think of Caliban Silenus, and the giant Cyclops rolling about on the self-same boards—

well, of course, it was just the right thing. Those people had a way of being right, and an audience must go away smiling.

If a tragedian had to do it at all, certainly also Euripides was just the right man. Even in tragedies like the "Bacchae," he can hardly keep himself from brimming over into farce, and the "Alcestis," that tragicomedy of the conformist conscience, already a screaming satire on marital relations, hardly wants a push to make it a glorious farce from end to end. One feels that Euripides would thoroughly enjoy the established joke of a satyr-drama, and make it enjoyable, too. But Sophocles, of whom all that we know from his boyhood, when for his perfection of shape he was chosen to dance naked at a triumphant festival, up to his old age, when he gave his celebrated answer upon the advantages of an escape from physical passion—and all that we know also from the poor relics of his hundred-and-thirty plays—reveals a nature reserved and self-restrained, clean, trim, fastidious of form, careful rather than exuberant, a little solemn perhaps, and given to the contemplation of eternal law and gloomy fate rather than to the pity of human errors and complex hearts. In what temper must we imagine so exquisite and refined a poet to have complied with the tradition that demanded one drunken farce to every three tragedies? It is like expecting an annual joke from Milton, whose revelry, even when he tries it in "Comus," is not exactly rollicking.

But Dr. Hunt, who revealed the discovery of "The Trackers" last week, tells us it bears the unmistakable Sophoclean stamp. If that is so, we look forward to perusing the jest with some misgiving. The subject is the old story how the infant Hermes stole Apollo's cows and drove them off to a cave, turning their shoes wrong way round, so that their tracks might seem to lead in the opposite direction. In the Homeric hymn which tells the tale, there is a good deal of fun, especially in the baby god's barefaced lying. There was nothing of little George Washington about that infant, and the solemn way in which he takes his immortal oath to lies that everyone knows to be lies, makes his father Zeus roar with laughter, and might be very effective on the stage. That is a fine passage, too, where he asks Apollo if he really looks like a cattle-lifter—"I, who at present am entirely occupied with sheep and mother's milk and napkins and warm baths, for I was only born yesterday." One can imagine Sophocles making a lively scene out of drunken satyrs set on the trail to track the cattle down, sniffing about and barking human words. But when the solution comes, and little Hermes makes his peace with Apollo by presenting the lyre he had just constructed out of cowhide and a tortoise shell, we feel certain that the poet will shake off the farce like dirt, and rise on ethereal wings to hymn the music of the spheres.

At the end of the Banquet, when morning came, a waking guest found Socrates still sober and still talking. He was demonstrating that the poet who is best at Tragedy must be best at Comedy too. It is attractive to think the good brain can be good at almost anything, but we are not sure. For the moment, we can think of only one dramatist who was really first-rate at both. And as to that "unmistakable Sophoclean stamp"—when Horace is describing the same exploit of baby Hermes, he ends with the words, "Apollo smiled." We are afraid the smile was a little superior, and so we might find the Sophoclean stamp on the laughter of a farce. And the worst of a superior smile is that it cannot ever be infectious.

#### A MOORISH MARRIAGE.

SINCE Medea followed Jason out of Colchis the chronicles of romance have kept an obscure bilingual page for the loves of alien races. But in this Rosetta stone the two languages do not translate each other. We know A'Beckett's Saracen mother and the Indian Princess Pocahontas, but we know them only from the legends which their English contemporaries made of them. It

is only once in the lapse of a civilisation that a Euripides comes to render for us the clash of rival prides, and the tragedy of civilised arrogance mated with barbarian honor. To some temperaments the allurement of such a union beckons as the strangest of adventures. All else is external. A traveller may subdue forbidding climates, a soldier vanquish uncouth armies, a scholar acclimatise his mind to exotic literatures, and load his memory with the fables and ballads of shy clans and savage tribes, but the real exploration, the journey into the heart and mind of another race, demands this final intimacy. It is this which has given to the elaborate and artificial sentimentalities of Pierre Loti their day of fashion. But Loti is too conscious and too eclectic in his loves. He set out, pen in hand, on his sentimental journeys, and one feels instinctively that his Eastern mistresses were never more for him than delicate "copy" and pretty themes. The men and women who have strayed whole-hearted into these experiments have commonly vanished from our ken and left no record behind them. They go out from among us with the mystery of Browning's Waring, or vanish among their gypsies like Glanville's scholar who came, men deem, to little good. One meets them hurriedly in the pages of a book of travel. There was, for example, that once famous figure of Mid-Victorian scandal—the divorced wife of Lord Ellenborough, who married the Arab Sheikh of Palmyra, and inhabited the most beautiful of all the palaces of Damascus before the railway had violated its seclusion and the tourist had explored its streets. One may meet her in the diaries of the traveller Ross, brilliant, daring, and beautiful. But how she fared in her romantic banishment, what came to her of mystery and revelation in her wayward passion, no indiscreet book has revealed.

The book, when it comes, is apt to be disappointing. A woman carries into such an adventure only her own temperament, and sees around her only what her own imagination has fitted her to see. For all the eager recommendation of Mr. Cunningham Graham, we confess that we have found the "Life Story" of Emily, Shareefah of Wazan (Arnold), less interesting than her unique experiences would have led us to expect. An Englishwoman who married the Grand Shareef of Wazan, the holiest man in all Morocco, an hereditary saint, a lineal descendant of the Prophet, a name to speak with reverence wherever Arabic is spoken in the world of Western Islam, ought to have penetrated more deeply than any mere traveller or scholar into the mind of the Arab race and the spirit of the Mohammedan religion. One learns to respect her, an eminently sane and worthy matron, educating her children under difficulties, coping with solid good sense and self-reliance with the delicacy of her odd position, teaching Moorish women the hygienic lore of European nurseries, vaccinating babies by the hundred, and administering with discretion the affairs of a vast household. But for romance and imagination one looks in these pages in vain. The puzzle is to guess what lurking daring, what unconscious waywardness it was that lured her into the adventure at the first. She affects none of the Byronic passion for the untamed Arab life which made Lady Hester Stanhope a Bedouin Queen. She remains throughout the book a normal European woman, who retained about her as much of the West as she could collect, while she shared her villa outside Tangier with her semi-Europeanised Moorish husband. Of intimate or personal biography there is little in this book. The union, we are briefly told, was, on the whole, a happy one. The Shareef was apparently a kindly and simple-minded person, with a naive admiration for all European things, which his English wife happily personified for him. His photograph shows a heavy face and a portly frame, dressed in an ill-fitting European military uniform, with features that are rather negroid than Arab. Two sons were born and happily reared, and nothing occurred that deserved to be called an event, until the worthy Shareef gradually lost his sanity, and became estranged from his wife under the stress of a mania of persecution which took the typical Oriental form of a belief that everyone around him was conspiring to murder him. But it is of Moorish

customs and habits, of ceremonials and domestic usages, of food and of dress, that the Shareefa writes with the greatest zest. An observant missionary or an English merchant's wife who had spent ten years in the country might have performed the task as well. We never learn to know these men and women who were the rivals and the kinsmen, the friends and the enemies of Madame de Wazan.

There crosses the mind of the patient reader who endures the disappointment of a book like this, the unorthodox question whether the Arabs really are an interesting race. There hangs about them the tradition of a vanished but brilliant civilisation. But what does that mean, save that, for a while, curious and receptive, they made free with Persian architecture and Greek science, adapting, translating, assimilating, and distorting? That the Koran is a sublime book is a venerable opinion which most of us are content to take on trust, for to be frank, how many are there of us who have ever succeeded in threading our way from end to end of its tedium and repetition? What honest European would exchange the whole mass of its chapters against the slightest of the books of the Old Testament? If Madame de Wazan fails to suggest to us an interesting race, if we encounter among all the Moors whom she names and meets no single individual who seems to have a spark of ideal fire or a glimmer of intellectual life, the fault after all may lie not with her, but with the Moors themselves. They are a race which had its transcendental hour, and has lived ever since upon its memory. We accompany this portly negroid gentleman on his travels in her company. Wherever he goes, the faithful flock about him. They jostle to touch his garments. They wait in eager crowds to receive his blessing. They pour their gifts of money or jewels into the lap of his wife or the palm of his children. His touch can cure disease, and his coming stirs to its depth the simple faith of the countryside. He is, after all, the hereditary Shareef of Wazan, a species of Pope, a man who has in his veins the authentic blood of the Prophet. Something of the glamor of Mecca moves with him as he voyages in diligence or railway train, and the legend of revelation and conquest is written in the folds of his robes. That is the tradition. The reality is a simple-minded, half-educated magnate, vain of his European friends and his English wife, who wears the Legion of Honor on his breast, sends his son to receive a military education in France, enrolls himself as a *protégé* at the French Consulate, and gladly lends his sanctity to the French authorities across the frontier in Algeria when a little spiritual prestige will assist them in dealing with a rebel. Of patriotism or pride of race there is not in all this book a hint. One is not so much as aware of a dying culture which feels itself at bay against a younger and more formidable civilisation. The process which is gradually Parisianising the Arabs of Algeria and Tunis is here at work before a single French soldier has set foot in Morocco. Though the book avoids politics, one understands from its artless pages why the French penetration has been so easy and so uneventful. There is in this decadent society, this elementary world which lives on nothing but a memory, no spiritual or national force which could resist a Western invasion. The Moors have succumbed because they had nothing to preserve.

#### THE MYSTERY OF THE DOORKEEPER BEE.

The world of natural history is full of exceptions. We have, for example, an owl that flies by day, a chat that does not migrate, a crow that does, rodents that eat flesh, and many other eccentricities from generic behavior to show that life refuses to be stereotyped. We must refrain from quoting the old saw, but it seems likely that the scheme of Nature may yet appear with a new clarity to him who will devote himself to the special study of exceptional organisms. Perhaps we should say the apparently exceptional. As we write, the mind reverts to the spider world and to that wonderful arachnid in a minority of one among hundreds of English species that builds its web and has its home

under water. It is, we suppose, impossible to think that this is the one constant member of a large group of crabs, the rest of which have forsaken their natural element, but it is equally hard to think that a member of such a sun-loving race should have gone down to a life below water, unless the race had sprung from the sea.

The tribe of the bee abounds with exceptions and counter-exceptions. The first surprise, one that proves very hard, indeed, of acceptance, is that some bees, instead of collecting honey for their young, perform an exceedingly neat surgical operation upon caterpillars and other prey, paralysing but not killing the victim and thus keeping its flesh sweet for the larvae to gnaw. The exact description of this highly skilled treatment has been given by M. Fabre and one or two other entomologists. It is now, in its main outlines, a commonplace of entomology, and the habit that seems so strangely exceptional to the habits of bees is supposed to be, not the exception, but the old bee-rule now discarded by about ninety per cent. of the tribe. All the fossors, or "*savants tueurs*" as M. Fabre calls them, and the very great majority of other bees are solitary, that is, their household consists of a single male and female, both of which die before the grubs grow up. The other bees are social; some, like our hive bees, with persisting communities; others, the humble bees, with annual communities; but, in all cases, the female at least hibernating or living as a grown and fertile bee through the winter.

That is a great commonplace that we have just stated. It leads to an exception, startling enough at first sight, but apparently productive of more wonder, the deeper it is probed. There are two closely allied solitary bees apparently in trim to become social, for their females, hatched in the autumn, live in retirement through the winter in the same way as the female humble bee. These are the genera *Halictus* and *Sphecodes*. The latter has its own problems, full of interest and far from having been solved yet; *Halictus* has the lime-light for the present. There are in Great Britain thirty species of *Halictus*, and in Smith's "Catalogue of British Hymenoptera" we find practically all that has been learnt in our own country about them: "The males and females appear in the autumn; the latter, being impregnated, pass the winter in the perfect state, appearing during the following season to perform their economy." To this statement, sufficiently arresting in itself, M. Fabre adds a perfect romance of the *Halictus*, which, he says, he gathered "seated on a low chair in the sun, with my back bent and my arms upon my knees," watching, without moving, many mornings at a time, till the secret was learnt. The story of this insect and of many others, including the "*savant tueur*," is included in a volume called "The Life and Love of the Insect," translated by Mr. A. T. De Mattos (Black). This story was evidently unravelled without any knowledge as to the investigations of Smith. In some respects it corroborates him, though by implication rather than by actual statement, in others it goes as far beyond him as Smith's story goes beyond that of the life of the ordinary solitary bee.

Fabre first takes up the thread in April, then finding the bees hard at work digging each one her own tunnel in the ground. In May they are busily carrying in loads of pollen and honey, and then tragedy appears in the shape of a parasitic fly, with grey abdomen, black-striped thorax, and red eyes. The fly is absolutely fearless of the bee, the bee entirely unsuspicous of the fly, and the villain ends by laying eggs in the worker's store, so that maggots eat the provender laid up for bee-grubs. When a colony of fifty burrows was dug up in June by M. Fabre not a single *Halictus* pupa was found. The maggots had eaten the pollen and then left the burrows just in time to escape being entombed by the bee when she closed in the cells supposed to contain her own offspring. In their own cysts they await next June before turning into flies. But, says M. Fabre, the surviving *Halicti* emerge in July and produce another generation before the summer closes. He makes the surprising statement that the July *Halicti* are all females, but

capable in themselves of producing eggs that shall become males and females. This is far beyond anything we know of parthenogenesis among the bees. The unfertilised queen social bee produces drones, but no workers or queens, and we have to descend to the aphides before we find the self-fertility that M. Fabre claims for this very exceptional bee.

We leave that statement, not accepting it, and having, perhaps, a feasible alternative to offer. What remains is still sufficiently remarkable. In July, says this close observer, six or seven bees hatch out from the cells opening into the same shaft, and these take possession in common of the maternal house, within which each excavates her own apartment. M. Fabre has seen several coming home at once, when "the nearest to the opening enters quickly, and the others, drawn up on the threshold in the order of their arrival, respectful of one another's rights, await their turn." There seems no room for doubt here. English observation in some measure supports Fabre, the late Edward Saunders writing in his last book, "they colonise largely, which may prove to be a step towards socialism." How bald a version of the happenings seen by M. Fabre "on his low chair in the sunshine!" There is more to come, and here he is quite beyond touch of his English fellow-investigators. The old mother *Halictus*, who was so complaisant a victim of the red-eyed fly in May, joins this new household of seven sisters as a most exemplary "concierge." With her large, bald head she closes, day and night, the entrance to the main shaft. When a daughter-bee wants to go in or out, the mother descends the burrow a little way to an enlargement where she can let the other pass. Any other creature approaching is resolutely kept out, either by passive resistance or by active assault. Among others she has to reckon with rival grandmothers, whose daughters were completely destroyed by the red-eyed fly. Having no work to do at home, these seek for the position of door-keeper elsewhere, but where the post is already occupied they have no chance. "They grow rarer and more languid from day to day; then they disappear for good. What has become of them? The little grey lizard had his eye on them: they are easy mouthfuls."

That is the story told by a most patient and intelligent observer to whom our entomologists are over and over again indebted. Circumstantial as it is, the story is one which our entomologists will be chary of accepting. It is as much beyond experience as ice to the monarch of a tropical country. England and France are at one in saying that the female of this bee lives over the winter, or at any rate that in spring only females are seen. According to M. Fabre, she lives almost the year round, not disappearing till the progeny of her daughters are safely sealed in their nursery cells, and he stands alone in stating that there is a second generation entirely of daughters and capable of complete parthenogenesis. The only way of reconciling the two schools and of impugning M. Fabre's intermediate generation is to suppose that of the adult and fertile bees that go into hibernation, some waken two months earlier than others, and that the bald-headed and frayed "concierge" is not the mother of the seven sisters who have taken "a step towards socialism," but the elder sister. The bees that wake in April are evidently seriously victimised by the red-eyed fly. The scourge seems to be so violent as to threaten extermination. If that should happen, the second generation or emergence would become the only one, and the genus as a whole (if all the species are constant in this respect) would thereby escape the fly. Then the world would be very much the poorer for the loss of that delightful door-keeper bee which every reader of Fabre will hope one day to see for himself.

## Short Studies.

### A REVIVAL IN ARDGLASS.

"Do the Irish really want Home Rule? They were turbulent once—now they are quiet. They never had any

sense of national life till a few agitators manufactured a false emotion, and these agitators being removed by obliterating death, is not the artificial tale of nationalism ended? Is the Liberal Party to be sacrificed to the shadow of a phantom?" These were the questions that surrounded me a week or two ago. Some light may be thrown upon them by an episode of Irish life which I witnessed hardly a month past.

I was in the small fragment of Ireland that, by an audacious feint of political geography, is made to bear the high-sounding name of "Ulster," as if it enclosed the whole of the nine counties. "Ulster"—that is to say, the north-east of the province—has a wide reputation for so-called "loyalty." Other questions await answer there. Is this reputation deserved? How deep have its foundations been sunk down to the hearts of men; or have the builders hidden shallow trenches by the multitude of external stays and props?

From Belfast I entered into the very heart of the constituency of Captain Craig. No Nationalist missionaries, no Unionist inquirers trouble that loyal region; its good fame is too well assured.

There is a harbor in Co. Down, a few miles from Downpatrick—once a famous trading centre of North Ireland—now sunk, with Irish fortunes, into a port of fishermen. The circuit of a larger bay encloses a little natural harbor, the best of all the coast from Dublin to Belfast. It must have been of very ancient use. Traffic was busy at Ardglass long before the coming of the Danes. A castle of stone was built in medieval times at the head of the port, and round the village a wall was thrown in a semi-circle from sea to sea, strengthened with five towers, of which three or four still remain. One of these shows traces of an underground passage along the wall from tower to tower. The object of the defences was to protect trade, and trade prospered greatly, flowing from the rich districts of Armagh and Tyrone to the Continent. A line of warehouses was built running down to the old stone pier, with fifteen arched doorways of cut stone, and two stories of eighteen rooms each. Richard II. gave the land to one d'Artois. The Fitzgeralds, earls of Kildare, entered it by inheritance from that house. The O'Neills for centuries had claimed and fought for their ancient lordship, till in Elizabeth's days the great Shane O'Neill "patronised" himself there, and ruled the whole coast. On the ruin of the O'Neills, the Fitzgerald title revived, and a branch of the family built a mansion over and around the merchant stores of the fifteenth century. The villagers still show the tower chamber in the old castle which was searched for Lord Edward of '98 fame, and the room in the great house where he was said to have hidden.

After that came the century of decline in Ireland. The old house fell into decay. Last June the whole derelict property—land and village—was sold, and bought by local people. Nothing more "loyal" could be imagined than the apparent community of Ardglass—nothing more to the heart of Captain Craig. The Imperial flag flew from a high-lifted residence, on the site of one of the old forts. The Fitzgerald house and demesne were bought by a "loyal" golf-club. The old castle was bid for by a spirit-dealer of the right persuasion, as a suitable storage place for whiskey. Not a breath disturbed the peace of Captain Craig as to the destiny of Ardglass and its fishermen.

It occurred, however, to a good Irishman and antiquary, a Protestant from Belfast, that there might be a nobler use for the Castle of Ardglass. He bought the castle. He replaced the vanished floors and ceilings with beams and boards of Irish timber. A few broken pieces of masonry were repaired. The inside walls were left in their rough state, merely dashed with white. The great fire-places were filled with logs from a local plantation. Over the flaming fires huge pots steamed, hanging from iron crooks. Old Ulster ironwork for kitchen use hung round the hearth. Tables of Irish oak, and Irish carved settles of the old fashion, and Irish cupboards and dressers furnished the rooms. Pewter plates and old crockery were brought, like the ironwork, by willing givers who possessed a relic of

Ireland of former days—gifts too many to mention here. The rooms were lighted by Irish-made candles in the iron taper-holders of over a hundred years ago, by a very remarkable bronze chandelier of the eighteenth century, and by a still more striking floreated cross and circle of lights, made in the penal days by some local metal-worker with the ancient Irish tradition of ornament still with him. In the chief room a few old prints and portraits hung on the walls, amid new banners representing O'Neill, O'Donnell, and the black Raven of the Danes; most prominent of all, Shane O'Neill himself, standing proud in his full height in regal saffron kilt and flowing mantle, a fine design by a young Irish artist of Belfast. A tiny round-apsed oratory opened off this chief room. It was hung with golden Irish linen; between the lights on the altar stood a small crucifix of the penal times. Interlaced Irish patterns hung on the walls. The columbarium in one of the towers, evidently arranged for carrier-pigeons, was again stocked with pigeons given by a local admirer, and called after S. Columba. From a pole flew the flag of O'Neill, the Red Right Hand, in memory of old days. In three months the deserted ruin was transformed into a dwelling house, where Mr. Bigger and his helpers could sleep and cook and live. The workmen in a fury of enthusiasm worked as if a master's eye was on them at every minute.

The design of the new owner was to bring the people of Ardglass and the Lecale of Down into touch with the Irish past, and give them some conception of the historic background of their life. I was present on the Saturday night when the ruin was opened to the people. There was no moon, and a gale was blowing down the Irish Sea—a wind from the north. A little platform was set against the sheltered west wall of the castle. A beacon flamed on one of the towers, and the ceremony began with a display of limelight pictures on the wall. I was in the middle of an audience packed as tight as men could stand in the castle yard and across the wide street. There had been no public announcements and no advertisement. But word had passed round the people of Lecale, and it seemed as if thousands had gathered under the resplendent stars. "I do not mean to show you," said Mr. Bigger, "China or Japan; I mean to show you Ardglass." The audience went wild with delight to see their fishermen and women, their local celebrities, the boats laden with fish, the piles on the pier, the Donegal girls packing them, the barrels rolled out to the tramp steamers. But the delight reached its utmost height at views of the sea taken from a boat out fishing, the dawn of day, the early flight of birds, the swell of the great waters. The appeal of beauty brought a rich answer from the Irish crowd.

Then there was Irish dancing and singing on the little platform, with the grey wall of the castle as a background and the waving ivy branches and tree shadows in the limelight, a scene of marvellous light and shade. But the great moment of all came when a huge Irish flag was flung out on the night wind from the Columba tower. I have never seen so magic a sight. Lights blazed from the castle-roof, rockets flamed across the sky, and in the midst suddenly appeared like a vision among the host of stars (for no flag-staff could be seen against the night-sky) a gleaming golden harp hanging secure in immensity, crossed and re-crossed by balls and flames of fire, so that it seemed to escape only by a miracle.

How did Ardglass and Lecale take this revival of its older fame? That sight was not less striking than the vision on the tower. Every cottage in the village had candles set in its windows. The fisher-boats in the harbor were alight; they flew flags too, and Irish flags, as many as could get them. For hours crowds climbed and descended the narrow winding staircase in the castle turret, lighted by candles fixed in old Ulster iron holders. They thronged the rooms, themselves the guardians of all the treasures lying on the benches and shelves and suspended on the walls. When they drew aside the light curtain before the oratory and entered in, they prostrated themselves, kneeling in prayer, and came out with tears in their eyes. Young men looked at Shane O'Neill,

and looked again, and took off their hats. As in other Irish gatherings where I have been, sobriety and good manners distinguished the crowd, very visible and audible to me from my little hotel fronting the castle where the visitors flocked for refreshment, under my window opening on the one street of the village. Strangers dispersed about eleven o'clock, but men of the village sat round the fire of the old guardroom for hours after, singing songs of Ireland endlessly. There was no host, and no master of the ceremonies. The castle was left absolutely to the people. Anyone who would came in. They sang, and sang, the sorrowful decadent songs of modern Ireland—songs of famine, emigration, lamentation, and woe. But still they sang of Ireland.

The next day was Sunday. The parish priest, thirty years among his people, shared in the joy of the festival, in the new interest come to break the long monotony of their life, and in the widening and lifting of their emotion. He preached twice on the restoration to them of their castle, and on their duty to hold it sacred, and to act with courtesy and good breeding when they entered it. He gave the children freedom from Sunday School that they might see the Irish flag flown from the tower at noon; and boys and girls poured laughing down the street. All that day, from morning till night, without a pause, lines of village and country folk filed up and down the turret stairs, holding to the rope, kept taut by its old stone weight, that served as balustrade. Protestants—tell it not in Gath, oh Captain Craig! publish it not in the streets of Askelon, oh, Mr. Moore and Sir Edward Carson!—Protestants were intermingled with Catholics, as one could see by the badges of their societies. Two admirable little girls of nine and fourteen installed themselves as handmaids and hostesses of the castle, and might be seen all day carrying water to the cauldron, making tea, giving hospitality to visitors—their first free service to Ireland. At night, men and women of the village came into the guard-room and banquet-hall, and sang and sang of Ireland. They did not even smoke. One after another sang till one o'clock. One or two sentimental ditties turned up, on Shannon's shores and Killarney's lakes, of the feeble artificial sort favored by so-called "National Schools," but these found little encouragement. Every evening since, the guard-room has been filled with villagers, and singing and old-time lore abound. Many bring presents and leave them with scarce a word; and not a pin has been disturbed, or a trifle broken or injured. The battlements and the glorious view are a delight to all. They examine and point out to each other the old devices, the flint weapons and the bronze, and the Elizabethan and Volunteer arms that lie about. The people have a new pride put in them, and are learning to be their own Conservators and Board of Works.

The Bishop of Ossory has lately given us all to understand that the Church of Ireland, boasting itself to be the highest, perhaps the sole, regenerating force in the country, is at this crisis altogether absorbed in anxious contemplation of its property. A material pre-occupation, at such a pitch, induces a multitude of unreasoning timidities, fantastic safeguards, and voluntary solitudes. It is true, indeed, that it was only "property" in a spiritual sense which the people of Ardglass had got that day. But in that higher sense they had been given that which every Irishman lacks—something of their own. No Englishman can picture to himself that lack. He has never had it. But with us it is an old story. If the people ask to learn Irish—"Here is arithmetic; that will suit you better." They would like something of Irish history—"I assure you that it is German grammar which you really wish to ask for." If the talk is of schools or fisheries—"The English Treasury will see that you do not waste money on school-house or steam trawler." Their very names are not their own. A Belfast bank the other day refused the life-long signature on a cheque of a well-known Irish writer because he signed, in English letters indeed, but with his customary Irish spelling of Padraic, and required instead the conventional English Patrick. Who can tell the needless restrictions and trivialities and imposed fashions that check expansion, experiment, and

freedom of mind? A dreary emptiness has been stretched over the vivid natures of Irishmen. What is there left for them to love? Is it any wonder they desire something they may call their own? It may be that "Loyalists" imagine that a longer continuance of such destitution will end at last in a lively passion for Englishmen and the Empire. Or, perhaps it is the Unionist idea that an enforced apathy indefinitely continued will produce the fate that comes on men doomed to imprisonment for life in solitary confinement, when, after long years, thought and speech are gone, and idiot prisoners may mingle harmlessly together.

While the castle was repairing at Ardglass, an Irish visitor watched the fishermen leaning on the sea-wall. Every half-hour one might drop a word. They were passing the time as only fishermen know how. As to the castle, they looked as oblivious to it as to everything else. After watching for some time, the Irish visitor casually passed one of them, dropping an indifferent remark: "What's the meaning of all this?" "It's comin,'" said the fisherman. "We're too long held in chains"—and fell back into silence.

ALICE STOPFORD GREEN.

## Letters from Abroad.

### THE MOROCCO DEBATES IN THE REICHSTAG.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The debates in the Reichstag on the Franco-German Morocco compromise have had a beneficent result: the game of the breakers of the goodwill between the British and the German nation has been spoilt. There is now well-founded hope for a wholesome return to reason.

Many facts have contributed to bring about the change. Two of these may be considered as having decided the issue. The one is the provocative language against England of the Conservative leader, Herr von Heydebrand, the other the inconsiderate behavior of the Crown Prince in the gallery of the Reichstag on the first day of the debates. They have occasioned stormy demonstrations of the parties of the Left for peace and good relations with France and Great Britain, and procured for the Imperial Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann Hollweg, a triumph over his Jingo critics.

Herr von Bethmann Hollweg's task was at first not an easy one. The Morocco, and still more the Congo, agreement with France had all the parties against it. The Socialists opposed it because they object to Colonial acquisitions in general, the Radicals and the other middle-class parties because they regard the new acquisitions as of little real value and no sufficient compensation for the recognition of France's practical protectorate over Morocco. In their unfavorable estimate of the Congo acquisitions they were supported by people of the Colonial Office, and particularly its now ex-chief, Herr von Lindequist.

Herr von Lindequist and some of his officials seem to have played a strange and most reprehensible part in the agitations of the last months which so greatly troubled the mind of the German man in the street. It can hardly be doubted that some of the most exasperating communications of the Press about the retreat of the German Foreign Office before English or French threats had their origin in the Colonial Office, but it is doubtful whether spite against Great Britain was the prime motive of their authors. A quarrel between the Secretary of the Colonial Office and Herr von Kiderlen Wächter, the Foreign Secretary, seems to be, in the first instance, the cause why outcries went forth from the Colonial Office that the Foreign Office receded before English threats. One of the high officials, Herr von Dankelmann, who has also resigned, seems to have been particularly active in this sense.

There can hardly be two opinions that an action of

this kind on the part of one high and responsible office against another deserves the most severe condemnation, and that the attempts of the Colonial Office to dictate the foreign policy of the Empire must be rebuked with the greatest energy. Your correspondent has expounded this as forcibly as was in his power in an article published by the "*Vorwärts*." But it must be admitted that the Colonial Office seems to have had a real grievance against the Foreign Office. The ways of Herr von Kiderlen Wächter are sometimes very exasperating. He undoubtedly played a double-handed game at the beginning of the Agadir business. And the Colonial Office has not been fairly dealt with. Herr von Lindequist is generally regarded as a straightforward man of broad views, and he enjoyed a certain popularity, even in the more advanced sections of the Reichstag. The way he was brushed aside, apparently as a victim to British intervention, would account for a good deal of the otherwise incomprehensible attitude of our Radical Press. It accounts undoubtedly for the exaggerated Radical criticism of the Morocco and Congo agreement. And the resignation of Herr von Lindequist, just a few days before the matter was to be discussed in the Reichstag, together with the acceptance of his resignation in terms which suggest a dismissal in disgrace, sufficed to excite public opinion to the highest pitch against the man held responsible for it, viz., the Chancellor of the Empire. Never before had the spokesman of the Government a more ungrateful task before him than Herr von Bethmann Hollweg had on Thursday last.

But he has won the battle—as far as it can be called a victory in the present Reichstag, and from the point of view of Parliamentary fights. His speech of the first day was received with few signs of approval during the delivery, and with icy silence at the end. Of the speakers who followed him, it was August Bebel, the indefatigable leader of the Socialists who, almost alone, uttered a word of appreciation—of course, referring to the disparagement of Jingo language concerning other nations. Freiherr von Hertling, of the Centre Party, and more still Herr Bassermann, the leader of the National Liberals, played the disappointed patriots who regretted that the German negotiator had not sufficiently brandished the sword before the eyes of England and France; and Herr von Heydebrand, dexterous in petty intrigues, and unfit for real leadership, went one step further. He repeated his abuse of England delivered a few days before at a public meeting, and seasoned this with insolent threats of war. During all these speeches the Crown Prince, who had come expressly to Berlin for the purpose, sat in the Imperial box and accompanied the demands for a more war-like and defiant attitude of Germany with ostentatious signs of applause.

This, and paragraphs in the Press to the effect that the Crown Prince, his mother, the Empress, and some of his brothers were laboring to work the Kaiser into a more daring foreign policy, helped to clear the air. The Radicals saw that there were still more pernicious people than the bureaucratic Chancellor to be fought. The sense of political responsibility and propriety got a healthy shock. Whilst the papers of Thursday evening had only disparaging remarks about Herr von Bethmann Hollweg's speech, the papers of Friday morning, with few exceptions, censured the Crown Prince more or less sharply, and the Friday afternoon sitting of the Reichstag saw Herr von Bethmann Hollweg taking Herren Bassermann and Heydebrand into chancery, and administering condign punishment.

The leader of the National Liberals, who likes to pose as a great critic of foreign policy, but whose criticism consists mainly in Jingo regrets that no more fist was shown, had his diplomacy torn to pieces by sarcastic analysis. But Herr von Heydebrand was dismissed with more than mere mockery. Amidst stormy applause from the Populists and the Social Democrats, the Chancellor accused him of demagogic incitement against England for mere party purposes. With elevated voice he said—and British people cannot be too strongly urged

to keep this in mind—that in the present Nationalist excitement agitating the German public “*forces are at work which have more to do with the outstanding elections than with Morocco and the Congo.*”

The Chancellor ended with exhorting the Reichstag to remember that “patriotism is compromised and a sentiment of high value spoilt when national passions are heated to the boiling point for party purposes and Utopian projects of conquest.”

Noisy protests from the parties of the Right, and repeated stormy applause from the Populists and the Social Democrats, answered the concluding words of the Conservative Chancellor.

They are, of course, in themselves commonplace wisdom. But the merest truism can in a critical situation acquire significance. The Conservatives and their allies knew why they raised their angry outcry. The Chancellor has laid bare their electoral game, and destroyed a good deal of their already rather meagre chances at the forthcoming General Election. National passion was indeed one of their few resorts, for they have little or nothing else with which to rouse the electorate. They and the other Jingo tribes are most embittered. Here are some of their utterances which reveal their despair.

The “Deutsche Tageszeitung,” the organ of the Federation of the Agriculturists, writes:—

“It must appear quite inconceivable that the Imperial Chancellor should reproach the official speeches of the Conservative as well as the National Liberal party with being dictated by electoral considerations. How could he omit to see the political value of the declaration of the Conservative leader expressing his willingness to offer up for the sake of the Fatherland a financial sacrifice which shows a way of uniting the whole German middle-classes in one great national aim? How does the Imperial Chancellor imagine the further evolution of our political conditions which cry for amendment when he in this way treats the first promising shoots of a positive national policy?... We seriously fear that yesterday will have grave consequences for our national life.”

The “Post,” the organ of the Conservative manufacturers of armor plates and other industrial feudalists, writes:—

“This was the deed of a German Herostatus. . . . After this to organise a National election on the side of the Government is impossible. There will be no national elector ready to give his vote to a man who intends to support a Government which in this way has held up for suspicion and disparagement that which is most holy to him. A better electoral cry the Social Democrats could not desire. With Bethmann’s sentence the Social Democrats will march into the electoral battle and make victory difficult for all the national (read Nationalist) candidates.”

The “Taegliche Rundschau,” the organ of the Pan-Germanists, and much read in military circles, and many papers of the same color, write similarly. And there is not much difference in the papers of the right wing of the National Liberals.

All this is most welcome. It will help to bring those Radicals to reason who last month gave way to the Nationalist wave. Already the last few days have shown an improvement in this respect. The Populists’ Diet put forward as their speakers Herren Wiemer and Haussmann, the former a North German Radical of the school of the late Eugen Richter, and the latter a South German Democrat. The former did particularly well. His remarks on the Anglo-German relations were such as no English Radical would or could take amiss. If Germans see an unjustified threat in Mr. Lloyd George’s speech of July 21st, it is not so unnatural as English people might judge it. The actual events on account of which the speech was made are not fully cleared up yet. There seems to be, on the contrary, a sort of silent understanding in official circles on both sides of the Channel to slur the matter over until it is forgotten. This was at any rate the principle underlying Herr von Bethmann Hollweg’s remarks on the subject.

But the matter ought to be cleared up. There are too many people in Germany under the impression that Mr. George’s speech was a threat without sufficient provocation. If the British Government thinks otherwise, a clear statement of its reasons would, even if they are

wrong, finally lead to a better understanding. It is not a question between Governments. They may know what to think of each other’s action. It is a question of nation to nation. And there are so many agencies at work to sow mistrust and jealousy that too much cannot be done to keep the great general public well-informed of the real nature of the proceedings.

The second Social-Democratic speaker, the very able member for Mannheim, Herr Ludwig Frank, has, in a speech full of sharp rebukes addressed to the Nationalists and their new idol, the Crown Prince, strongly insisted on a policy of unmistakable goodwill towards Great Britain in regard to the offers concerning the stoppage of the race in armaments. Most happily he began his speech by stating that he was personally present when, at the last British General Election, Mr. Lloyd George, at a big meeting at Peckham, condemned in the strongest terms bad language about Germany, and a little further on he expressed the conviction that Mr. Lloyd George’s much-criticised declaration would not have been read if the German Government had in good time replied to a question put by the British Government. But he was not able to make a full statement of the case.

As regards the general situation, it is believed that the Conservatives will soon knuckle down before the Government. They are, indeed, not in a position to carry on a serious war against it. The Crown Prince, too, is said to be quite stupefied by the bad reception of his escapade. After having had dinner with his father and Herr von Bethmann Hollweg, he has now returned to Danzig, somewhat wiser than when he came. So far so good. But it would be a mistake to believe that the mists are all dispelled. There is still a great amount of suspicion left, and the number of those who from interest and other reasons are bent on keeping it fresh, is not at all small. The workers for genuine peace must not relax their endeavors.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Schoeneberg, Berlin,  
November 12th, 1911.

## Letters to the Editor.

### “THE VILLAGE TRAGEDY.”

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read Mr. Wallas’s review of “The Village Laborer, 1760-1832” with the greatest interest, and have ordered the book. Also, I have heard many of his Extension lectures with immense pleasure. No one has a stronger sense of the hideously cruel and unfair treatment of the poor during the first half of the nineteenth century than I have, and as further proof of my wholehearted Radicalism I may say that I was a Home Ruler before Gladstone, and celebrated the release of the “suspects” from Kilmainham in my early Oxford days. I was instrumental in bringing Stepniak, John Dillon, and Henry George to address Oxford audiences. The Russian tyranny has always been anathema to me. At a meeting of the Russell Club a year or two ago, I met a great modern novelist who had been my political leader at Oxford in old days. I said to him, “I don’t suppose you remember me.” “What! my dear Lynam, remember you! Of course I do.” Then (with a shudder) “You haven’t got any bombs on you, I hope?”

When many of my old political friends were condoning the Boer War, I denounced it as the infamous result of the Raid, the machinations of Rhodes and Co., and the hoodwinking of Chamberlain. There are two poems which to my mind impress the young with a truer view of “the Village Tragedy,” viz., Kingsley’s “Outlaw,” and “The Bad Squire,” than any history. If boys and girls know these and, say, “The Song of the Shirt,” their hearts are touched in a way that no impartial history, no description of bad laws can touch them. And this is really the point of my letter. Mr. Graham Wallas knows how to reach the minds of grown-up people, and his lessons to them no doubt have the results that he would wish; but has he ever tried to teach

history to children under fourteen? Perhaps twice in a year a half-hour lesson, founded on such poems as I have indicated, will touch and impress, but such a paragraph as that given in the original article on Fletcher and Kipling's history as a sample of social history for children, would utterly fail to touch, interest, or make any lasting impression. I conceive that we have first of all to get our young pupils really interested in the history of our country, apart from modern politics, and this is not so easy as perhaps Mr. Wallas imagines. The ignorance of boys and men generally about the history of their country is really extraordinary. I know a man who was a scholar of a great public school and of an Oxford College, and is now a distinguished schoolmaster, who told me that since history was not a subject of examination at Charterhouse for an Entrance Scholarship, he was "knocked off" history at the age of nine at his preparatory school; at Charterhouse he read science, enough Latin and Greek to get through Responsions (for which wonderful examination no English history is required); the only English history he had to do at his public school was "The Age of Anne," set as a holiday task! I once took an undergraduate (who is now a clergyman) through the Pass of Glencoe; a Macdonald drove us, and was pointing out the ruins of the MacIlan's house, and the rock from which the signal for the massacre was given. "What massacre? Who were massacred?" asked my friend. "Shut up, man!" I said; "for heaven's sake don't let the driver know you have never heard of Glencoe." But it was the truth; he had never heard of that or (as I found when we went to Skye) of Prince Charlie or Flora Macdonald. Now I find that Fletcher and Kipling's history for children *makes children keen*, much more so than the ordinary dry and "impartial" text-books. If Mr. Graham Wallas will give us as bright and interesting a book, written with a Radical bias, I should welcome it, and perhaps let my pupils read the two in alternate years. At present my business is to lead boys on to Green, Macaulay, and other great historians, and to do this I must first make them *like* history, and to attain this I maintain that the author *must take a point of view*—he must have his likes and dislikes. Too much balancing and trimming is most distasteful to the young, and "puts them off." For young people I prefer Fletcher and Froude on the one hand, and Macaulay and Green on the other, to all the impartiality and accuracy of Gardiner, Tout, &c.—Yours, &c.,

C. C. LYNAM.

Oxford, November 12th, 1911.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Mr. Graham Wallas, in his review of "The Village Laborer, 1760-1832," says:—

"We are now in a period of rising prices, due, we are told, to the depreciation of gold by the South African mines. All those who pay wages and are assessed to income-tax are gaining enormously by this fact; those who receive wages are losing."

Will Mr. Graham Wallas explain how "all those who pay wages and are assessed to income-tax are gaining enormously" in this period of rising prices, due to the depreciation of gold? My experience is that people who have fixed incomes, and who pay wages, are losing, as well as those who receive wages.

I am in absolute sympathy with his review, and I do not see how the sentence which I have quoted assists his argument.—Yours, &c.,

R. ACLAND HOOD.

Rodsall, Godalming, November 12th, 1911.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I have read with interest and sympathy Mr. Graham Wallas's review of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's book, "The Village Laborer, 1760-1832," but there is one suggestion made by Mr. Wallas that surprises me a good deal.

Writing of the difficulties in the way of the agricultural laborer securing a rise in "real wages," he asks Mr. Fletcher (the new "historian"), "Does he think that there are certain supernatural 'laws of political economy' which will automatically raise wages to correspond with the rise in prices? Or does he not believe that wages will only rise when the

'Government' passes 'laws' to tax imported food? And does he not, being wise, daily 'blame the Government' for refusing to do so?"

If I may be permitted to put a question or two in turn, I would like to ask Mr. Wallas (1) Does he really believe that any gains secured to agriculture by artificially increasing the price of food would benefit the laborer and not the landlord; and if so, on what grounds of experience or theory does he base his belief? And (2) if he does believe it, does he think a method of increasing the "real wages" of the agricultural laborer, which must inevitably increase the cost of living (and so decrease "real wages") for all other classes of wage-earners, would be a particularly equitable or statesmanlike one to adopt?—Yours, &c.,

JAMES H. ROBERTSON.

Muswell Hill, N.,  
November 14th, 1911.

## THE FINANCE OF HOME RULE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Professor Oldham states that the over-taxation of Ireland, as calculated by Mr. Childers in his Draft Report, was 2½ millions, while you give it as 2½ millions. He surely overlooks the fact that Mr. Childers went on to "take into account, as a set-off, the fact that the inhabitants of Ireland make very small contribution from local rates or subscriptions towards the cost of primary education, or towards that of the police (taking that part only of the police force which would be necessary if the Irish police corresponded in numbers and character to that of England and Scotland), while the inhabitants of Great Britain, *quā* ratepayers, do contribute largely to the cost of their own police and schools." (1896, Cd. 8262, p. 192.) He calculated this set-off at half-a-million. Your figure was, therefore, correct. With the rest of Professor Oldham's letter I am in hearty agreement.

May I, as an Englishman, support the opinion of your Irish correspondents, Mr. Lough and Mr. Frank MacDermot, that Ireland should control her own Customs and Excise? I cannot but regret that THE NATION, honorably distinguished as it is for taking courageous views, based on clear and defensible principles, should not be championing the cause of fiscal autonomy for Ireland. I regret it the more, because I believe that the difficulties involved in any of the alternative schemes will ultimately compel us to grant fiscal autonomy; and the gift would come with far better grace if the leaders of Liberal opinion would propose it definitely at the outset. Has not this been ever the bane of our policy towards Ireland—that we begin by restrictive and tentative proposals, and then lavish our gifts when the golden moment has passed and they have lost half their healing power?

I hasten to add that the gift I speak of is the gift of greater fiscal freedom. So far as cash is concerned, fiscal autonomy for Ireland will be cheaper to Great Britain than the more "moderate" alternatives.

For the argument in its favor, which cannot be summarised here, but which appears to me extremely strong, perhaps I may be allowed to refer your readers to the chapters by Mr. MacDermot and myself in "Home Rule Problems," edited by Mr. Basil Williams (P. S. King & Son), where the alternatives are fully discussed, and the case for restricted powers is stated also by Mr. R. C. Phillimore.—Yours, &c.,

C. RODEN BUXTON.

7, Kennington Terrace, S.E.

## ENGLISH NONCONFORMISTS AND HOME RULE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—A letter entitled "English Non-Conformists and Home Rule" has appeared in the "Belfast Evening Telegraph," in which the Rev. Joseph Hocking points out the necessity of a vigorous campaign for the purpose of convincing the English Nonconformists that "Home Rule means Rome Rule." As the reverend gentleman says, "prove to the English Nonconformist by reasoning, by facts from history, and from the very nature of Romanism,

[November 18, 1911.]

that Home Rule means Rome Rule, and no English Parliament will dare to pass it. Threats will not do this; wild talk about Ulster arming will not do it; but serious reasoning and statements of undeniable and convincing facts will do it. Another thing. It is no use coming to the English Nonconformists and abusing the present Government and advocating its downfall."

As a native of Belfast and a Protestant Home Ruler since 1886, I most heartily welcome the invitation for "a complete knowledge of facts," and I await with interest the reply of the Belfast Tories, when they are disarmed of their favorite weapons, viz., 1st, "threats"; 2nd, "wild talk about Ulster arming"; and 3rd, "abusing the present Government and advocating its downfall."

I have no more sympathy with the Church of Rome than I have with the Established Church of England, and I share with the Rev. Joseph Hocking "a strong hatred of priesthood in every form." If I believed for a moment, and I am still open to conviction, that by entrusting Irishmen with the control and management of their own purely domestic affairs the Protestants of Ireland would be dominated by the Roman Church, I would unhesitatingly throw in my lot with those reactionary forces whose chief political canon is the subjection of Ireland to English ideas of government. But it is because I had no such fears in 1886 that I signed a petition to Mr. Gladstone in favor of Home Rule, and it is because I am still convinced that this cry of Rome Rule is the veriest bugbear that I continue to be a confirmed Home Ruler.

This belated cry of Rome Rule is the outcome of that sectarian strife for which Belfast holds the premier position. But it was not always so. On 27th January, 1792, the Belfast Reading Society, with a Presbyterian minister in the chair (Rev. James Bryson), passed unanimously the following resolution: "That civil and religious liberty is the birthright of every human being." Thirty-six years later, when the question of the emancipation of the Catholics had come into the forefront of practical politics, the Rev. Dr. Montgomery spoke from the altar of a Belfast Roman Catholic Church in favor of admitting the Catholics to the exercise of the political franchise. In the evening of the same day, a dinner was given by the friends of Civil and Religious Liberty, when the Chairman, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Down and Connor (Rev. Dr. Crolly), proposed the health of Dr. Montgomery, and said, "The liberality of the Presbyterian ministers is interwoven with the records of their religion."

It is to be sincerely hoped that when the Belfast contingent enters upon their mission "to educate" the English Nonconformists, they will not overlook two important "facts from history." I quote from the Irish historian W. E. H. Lecky, who was himself a prominent Unionist: (1) "It was the English Government which persuaded the Catholic priests to take an active part in Irish politics, and to take part in them for the purpose of carrying the legislative union." (2) "Irish history contains its full share of violence and massacre; but whoever will examine these episodes with impartiality will easily convince himself that their connection with religion has been most superficial. Religious cries have been sometimes raised, religious enthusiasm has been often appealed to in the agony of a struggle, but the real causes have usually been the conflicts of races and classes, the struggle of Nationality against annihilation. Amongst the Catholics at least religious intolerance has never been a prevailing vice."—Yours, &c.,

S. SHANNON MILLIN.

St. Kevin's Park, Rathmines, Dublin.  
November 15th, 1911.

#### HOME RULE AND THE FACTORY ACTS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR.—There is one aspect of the question of the division of powers between the Imperial and Irish Parliaments which has met with little attention—namely, that relating to the Factory Acts. The disadvantages of local or provincial enactment and administration of Factory, Shop, and Employment of Children Acts have been proved, again and again, both in this country and elsewhere. In fact the problem of establishing a minimum standard for the worker, immune from the encroachments of private contract and individual

bargaining, is already beginning to be an international one, as the recent international negotiations with regard to the prohibition of the use of white phosphorus and of the night-work of women show. In the face of the experience embodied in hundreds of reports of British, Australasian, and foreign factory inspectors and Commissions, it will be a hopelessly reactionary step to hand over industrial regulation in Ireland more or less unreservedly to an Irish Parliament. Land, Education, Local Government, and Railways are essentially matters upon which Irishmen should have a perfectly free hand. There are no doubt certain sections of industrial regulation which may be best relegated to the new Parliament. But the maximum hours and minimum conditions of health and safety should, in the main, be fixed for the United Kingdom as a whole.

There are three possible solutions of the problem. First, a specific definition of the powers of the Irish and United Kingdom Parliaments, in connection with industrial regulation, might be included in the new Home Rule Bill, allotting certain duties to each authority. Secondly, general powers of industrial regulation might be conferred upon the Irish Parliament; but, at the same time, a proviso might be inserted in the Act making it perfectly clear that the continuation of Imperial legislation on the subject applicable to Ireland was contemplated. Thirdly, general powers of industrial regulation might be conferred upon the Irish Parliament without such a proviso as to the rights of the Imperial Parliament being inserted in the Act, it being understood and made clear by official pronouncements that the authority of the Imperial Parliament would still be exercised in this direction in Ireland.

The Trade Boards Act contains a special provision enabling separate Boards to be set up in Ireland. This provision is now being exercised in connection with the paper box trade. This may be cited as an argument in favor of Irish control of industrial regulation generally, in view of the fact that both wages and industrial conditions are generally worse in Ireland. But I would point out that absolute uniformity is much more difficult to secure and much less necessary in questions of wages than in questions of hours and conditions. Even if Ireland has her own Trade Boards, that is not necessarily an argument in favor of special Irish Factory Acts. In many ways the stringent regulation of hours and conditions is more necessary with relatively badly paid workers. Moreover, the special provision which has been made for Ireland in this Imperial Act points out the best way of dealing with the exceptional cases where Ireland needs special treatment in connection with industrial regulation.—Yours, &c.,

FREDERIC HILLERSON.

Leeds, November 11th, 1911.

#### SOCRATES AND MORAL FORCE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR.—Surely Mr. Chesterton has succeeded in throwing a rather simple matter into confusion. In his detestation of Moral Force, he is led into an unconscious glorification of Physical Force. He tells us that "there is nothing good at all about Moral Force; it all depends on the motive and end." Let us grant him that much. But have we not a right to claim that there is nothing good at all about Physical Force, and that here again the motive and the end are all important? Mr. Chesterton proves that Physical Force, directed to a good end, is better than Moral Force directed to a bad one. But that is not the real point at issue. The essential problem is simply this: Supposing that a State can make men good either by Physical Force or by Moral Force, which will the most truly civilised State do? Will it imprison, or will it persuade? Personally, I cannot but believe that it will endeavor to take the latter course as far as possible. If Mr. Chesterton believes that there is something intrinsically preferable in fisticuffs, there is no more to be said. And, lastly, the fact that the strikers were driven to Physical Force does not in the least prove that Moral Force is a snare and a delusion, and that Physical Force is good; it merely bears out what most men would admit—namely, that the British nation, or, rather, the modern world, is by no means entirely civilised.—Yours, &c.,

IVOR CARNEGIE BROWN.

Balliol College, Oxford.

## CALUMNIES ON INDIAN STUDENTS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I desire to draw attention to the very ungenerous and ill-judged campaign against the reputation of Indian students in this country, which has been started in certain sections of the British Press. It hardly seems necessary to point out, in the first instance, that the sweeping generalisations about the character of these young men have been completely unfair to the majority of Indian students. However, such statements have the inevitable consequence of strengthening an ill-informed prejudice against them among the general public, and by reaction among the English students. Such a result is disastrous to the efforts of those who have been seeking the co-operation of all fair-minded students in this country, in the endeavour to supply the influence and companionship which the Indian students have lost by leaving their own home and country. As one who has lived with these young men during the past ten months, has seen a large percentage of them on their first arrival in this country, and has had some opportunity of keeping in touch with their communities in various centres, I feel bound to record my conviction that two causes are mainly responsible for the existence of scandals concerning the conduct of the students.

(1) The almost total lack of helpful companionship in this country, at an age and under circumstances which make such companionship quite indispensable.

(2) The shameless way in which temptations, often very difficult to meet, are thrust before them, *quâ* Indian students, in our own cities and large towns.—Yours, &c.,

F. M. CHESHIRE.

21, Cornwall Road, S.W.,

## MEDICAL WORK IN SCHOOLS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In the debate the other day on the National Insurance Bill in the House of Commons, Mr. Lloyd George, after emphasising the view that the problem of physical failure starts with the child, announced that he was considering, with the assistance of the Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education, whether something could not be done in the Bill for the solution of that great problem, and hoped "to do something before the present Bill passed."

No exact construction can yet be placed on these words. Under the terms of the Bill as it stands, for obvious reasons, the child himself is not an insurable proposition. On the other hand, to extend to the child the insurance of the parent is to set up an artificial distinction between the child of the "insured" and the "uninsured" person, which is against the whole spirit of the valuable medical work now being carried out in our schools. Nor, again, is the somewhat disconnected character of the "medical benefit" proposed in the Bill in any keeping with the "unifying and co-ordinating policy" advocated by Sir George Newman in the admirable Report recently issued by the Board of Education. That a solution of the problem of "medical treatment" may be found "with the assistance of the Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education" by a mere extension of the provisions of the Bill to children is, on the face of it, inconceivable. Then, surely, this is the moment for local administrators and others interested in the welfare of children to press forward the claims of Local Education Authorities to the long-overdue "grant-in-aid" from the Exchequer, without which the medical work of the schools is permanently crippled.—Yours, &c.,

SCHOOL MANAGER.

November 10th, 1911.

## WOMEN POLITICIANS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The following incidents are *bonâ-fide* facts. They speak for themselves.

1. Some while ago at a feminine tea party the hostess asked: "Why is our poor-rate so high this year?"

"Oh," promptly replied a well-to-do spinster of mature years who wants a vote, "it is because of the Old Age Pensions!"

No one in a room full of grown women questioned the statement.

2. Last week a widow lady, an active politician, called on me and asked if nothing could be done to protest against the domestic servant insurance. "It will ruin people of small income," she said; "my maid will not pay it out of her wages, and I shall have to pay sixpence a week or lose her. And," she added viciously, "why should I pay sixpences into Lloyd George's pocket?" Her first objection was a fair one, and one which I personally am willing to trust to our fair-minded and reasonable Chancellor of the Exchequer; her final was foolish and futile, yet I have heard several women politicians make the same snappy suggestion.

It is much to be hoped that Mr. Asquith will, in his Manhood Suffrage Bill, raise the adult age. But few boys of twenty-one are qualified to give a fair-minded vote, whilst the majority of women (should they become voters) are at all times too emotional, too prejudiced, and too spiteful to be trusted with power until they have been well leavened by the hand of Time. It is amazing how few (either men or women) amongst the masses look at both sides of a question. They—women especially—read one paper and quote it freely, and never hear the other side.

"Ah, you read such and such a paper," I often say to one or other; "why not read the opposition as well?" "Ah well, of course, I ought to," they will say. But they don't!

A man or a woman to-day may be known by his or her favorite newspaper.—Yours, &c.,

ELLEN TIGHE HOPKINS.

November 13, 1911.

## WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THERE WAS A WAR?

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—It is remarkable that during the recent war scares, apart from speculations as to the movements of troops and fleets, and the respective chances of either side winning, so little attention has been paid in the Press or elsewhere as to what would actually happen at home if war were declared between ourselves and Germany.

The average man has only some vague idea that in the course of a war trade would become disorganised and he himself might suffer losses more or less according to the nature of his business and investments. The most painful effects of the war he imagines to be the possible loss of friends and relations engaged in the actual fighting, and, if he is public-minded, the misery of the poorer classes due to the rise in the price of food and other necessities, and the depression of trade. But he is confident that his daily life, if bereft of some of its luxuries, would go on essentially as before. How many people, I wonder, as they talk airily of the prospect of war, realise that very soon, perhaps within a day or two after the outbreak, they would be practically destitute, their riches being reduced to mere paper, and that they might even have to defend their homes against a starving mob? Yet this is not merely the bad dream of an alarmist, as I will try to show.

As a member of one of the large accepting houses in London, the group of bankers who create the credit upon which the international trade of the world depends, I have been forced to realise the direct and immediate effect of a sudden disturbance of the communications between this country and Germany. Hundreds of thousands of pounds of bills accepted for German account fall due every day in London, and in order to meet these the accepting houses rely upon remittances from their German clients, which in normal times never fail to flow in regularly, and so keep the great machine of our banking system running smoothly. Now, what would happen if this stream of remittances were suddenly cut off, as there seems no doubt it would be if war broke out? The deficit on German account would in a few weeks be so large that first the accepting houses and then all the large joint-stock banks and discount houses, who hold the bills, would be unable to pay their obligations, for even first-class securities would in such a crisis be unrealisable, and consequently a general suspension of payment among the banks throughout the country would soon be inevitable.

I do not think that any of the leading bankers are under

any illusion in this matter, and it is, in fact, an open secret in the City that, on the outbreak of war, a general moratorium, or temporary suspension of payment among the banks, would have to be arranged.

It is hardly necessary to follow the consequences of such a step at the present day. Industry and business of all sorts would come to a sudden and complete standstill, the whole country would be out of employment in a moment, and it is difficult to see how universal starvation and anarchy could be avoided, as nowadays a hand-to-mouth existence, even for a short time, is obviously impossible. An emergency currency might conceivably be invented to take the place of credit, but it would be foolish indeed to put any reliance on schemes thrust upon us in a moment of panic.

Such a catastrophe may, in the light of history, appear to be exaggerated, but, as perhaps only those who are directly connected with it fully realise, the credit system has, from being a mere extra facility fifty years ago, become to-day an essential in our economic life, and nowhere more so than in England.

In reply to those who argue that nations are not deterred from going to war by business considerations, and that no sacrifice is too great when the country's honor is at stake, it is sufficient to add that, though nothing might prevent the actual declaration of war, we could not possibly carry it on with effect if the country was in a state of chaos, and all the thrills of glory and patriotism with which we embarked upon a foreign war would soon be drowned in the humiliation and ignominy of a much more real war against starvation and anarchy at home.

However, the purpose of this letter is not so much to show the futility of war under all circumstances, as to point out the danger of a compromise between internationalism and nationalism. If we are to encourage the spirit of nationalism we must try to be as independent as possible of other nations, and London must cease to be the banking centre of the world. If our ideal is to break down the barriers between nations, and we commit ourselves to interdependence, then war must be avoided at all costs.—Yours, &c.,

DISILLUSION.

November 15th, 1911.

#### "THE WAR GOD."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The "Daily Express" critic of Mr. Zangwill's new play remarks this morning: "The indictment of war fell flat, despite the shrill cheers of a few peace fanatics in the pit." Let us hope there were also a few peace fanatics in the gallery. Let us hope that all the prospective voters over twenty-one have duly studied, learned, marked, and inwardly digested their "Daily Mails," and "Daily Expresses," and "Morning Leaders" during these past weeks. Let them read the impartial accounts of the war in Tripoli, sent home by the war correspondents to the newspapers on either side of our insular disputes. Let them ask themselves who are the fanatics, the devout adorers of the War God, ever clamoring for fresh human sacrifices to offer to their idol, or those sceptics who wish to topple him from his pedestal, who do not believe that this awful worship is necessary or beneficial, and would like to see it cease. The people who burnt their children in honor of Moloch—fanatics, yes, who gashed themselves with knives around the image of Baal, who flung themselves under the wheels of Juggernaut, the Old Man of the Mountains with his assassins, the Thugs, fanatics, yes, but with a fanaticism comparatively harmless, demanding relatively few victims compared to that worship of the War God so assiduously proclaimed by our own Jingo Imperialists. "Peace fanatics," "anti-war fanatics," we continually hear. It is as though one said, "health fanatics," "anti-disease fanatics," "anti-cancer fanatics," for instance, or "anti-cholera fanatics." The outbreak of cholera and every form of pestilence is one of the minor incidents of war. To hear people rejoicing in the failure of The Hague is just like hearing them rejoice over the failure of medical science to find any cure for cancer.

The Press has done a great service in bringing home to the masses of our people what war really means. This

campaign, so faithfully reported for us, should do much to rob the gory old fetish of his last remaining bit of tinsel, or to vary the metaphor, strip the bird of prey of his plumes—not leave him a feather to fly with. "Many of the Italian soldiers have become actually insane." Here, in one brief sentence, is a specimen of what war really is. The ignorant and deluded enthusiasts at home, who have never seen war, and who have no imagination for things they have never seen, and who shriek and clamor for war on every possible occasion, are, in truth, the "fanatics." They expatiate on the bravery and gallantry of the common soldier, his contempt of danger and death, his supreme devotion to his own particular Empire and reigning royal house. Eye-witnesses tell us of mobs of panic-stricken boys, who have to be driven into action by their officers with canes. The ghastly nature of these Tripoli horrors should be so rubbed in—and I am glad to think that THE NATION will join in this for all it is worth—that a repetition, not so much of those works of supererogation, the horrors, as of the thing which is almost bound to produce them. War itself, either a war between two European Powers, or one of these miserable raids of a stronger Power upon a little or "barbarous" people, shall be finally rendered impossible. Fanatics, if you like; but we are the immense majority of civilised people, and we simply will not have it.—Yours, &c.,

R. L. GALES.

Gedney Vicarage, Holbeach,  
November 9th, 1911.

P.S.—Many persons have a strong belief in the regenerating virtue of war, and, indeed, in the moral value of atrocious physical suffering generally. They should be given copious and frequent doses of their own medicine.

## Poetry.

### ON THE FELLS.

I THINK the joyful spirits of our dead  
Need not to seek another bourne than this:  
    Seen with the eye of God,  
    The very earth they trod  
Is instrument sufficient of their bliss.

Perhaps some eager souls are outward fled  
To ride upon the interstellar wind;  
    But some I know there are  
    Who on a homelier star  
Place of refreshment, light, and peace do find.

Thou comrade of my quest, half-known, all-dear,  
Who walked unseen beside me on the fell—  
    What time about us shone,  
    In heath and beck and stone,  
Hints of a mighty meaning—shall I tell

The secrets of our homeland? How the clear  
And uncreated Light on every sod  
    There broods with grave desire?  
    Yea, how the answering fire,  
The altar-flame of beauty, leaps to God?

Beyond the crusted gables of the town  
Still does that vision hold its solemn space;  
    As with the hastening train,  
    So with my flitting brain  
The distant fells march at an ordered pace.

No-whence, no-whither shall my life be blown  
Far from the faithful hills of our delight;  
    Till from that steadfast home  
    A strange swift breeze shall come,  
And thrust their silence through my troubled night.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"The Criminal and the Community." By James Devon. (Lane. 6s. net.)

"Martin Luther: The Man and His Work." By A. C. McGiffert. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Bismarck's Pen: The Life of Heinrich Abeken." By his Wife. Translated by Mrs. C. E. Barrett-Lennard and M. W. Hoper. (Allen. 18s. net.)

"Modern Surgery and its Making." By C. W. Saleby. (Herbert and Daniel. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Nigeria: Its Peoples and its Problems." By E. D. Morel. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)

"In Patria: An Exposition of Dante's *Paradiso*." By the Rev. John S. Carroll. (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Keeper of the Robes." By F. Frankfort Moore. (Hodder and Stoughton. 18s. net.)

"W. Dalrymple Maclagan, Archbishop of York." By F. D. How. (Wells, Gardner. 18s. net.)

"Seems So! A Working-Class View of Politics." By Stephen Reynolds and Bob and Tom Woolley. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

"English Songs of Italian Freedom." Chosen and arranged with an Introduction by G. M. Trevelyan. (Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Centaur." By Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan. 6s.)

"La Révolution." Par Louis Madelin. (Paris: Hachette. 5 fr.)

"Science et Philosophie." Par J. Tannery. (Paris: Alcan. 3 fr. 50.)

"Femme et Poète: Elizabeth Browning." Par W. Nicati. (Paris: Perrin. 3 fr. 50.)

"L'Envers du Décor." Nouvelles. Par Paul Bourget. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3 fr. 50.)

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No recent book has had so immediate and marked an effect upon opinion as Mr. Norman Angell's "The Great Illusion." That this effect has not been confined to England is shown by the fact that the current "Deutsche Revue" finds room for two long notices of Mr. Angell's book. One is by M. de Beaufort, a former Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs, and one of the leading historians in Holland. The other is by Rear-Admiral Glatzel, who says that the work is "one of the most acute and original pleas against war and armed peace that has ever appeared. The statement of the economic case cannot be refuted."

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On the other hand, the "Dresdner Nachrichten" draws a strange moral from the book. It will be remembered that Mr. Angell's method is to state the case for war in the strongest possible way and then to refute this statement. What the "Nachrichten" does is to print a translation of the case for war, adding, in a note: "It will be seen, therefore, how unanswerable is the case for the maintenance of armaments." And not a word about the main thesis of the book, which is, of course, a refutation of the case thus outlined! The art of misrepresentation could hardly be carried further.

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A SECOND series of Mr. Aleyn Lyell Reade's "Johnsonian Gleanings" is now nearly ready to be issued to subscribers. Mr. Reade's former book on Dr. Johnson's ancestry was a useful piece of research, and is valued by students of Johnson. The new volume is devoted to Francis Barber, Johnson's negro servant for over thirty years. Mr. Reade has collected all the references to Barber in contemporary biographies, memoirs, and published letters, and pieced these into continuous narrative. The book also contains unpublished letters written by Barber, Boswell, Percy, and Langton. These, together with Mr. Reade's other discoveries, throw many fresh sidelights upon Johnson and his circle.

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Most readers of Scott will remember that the character of Captain Cleveland in "The Pirate" was based on James Gow, an outlaw who terrorised the North of Scotland towards the end of the eighteenth century. Mr. Allen Fea has now brought together the chief facts in Gow's life, and his book will be published shortly by Mr. Martin Secker under the title of "The Real Captain Cleveland." Scott records in his diary how, on a visit to the Orkneys, he heard the story of Gow from "an old hag" whose "fine light-blue eyes, and nose and chin that almost met, and a ghastly expression of cunning, gave her quite the effect of Hecate."

CLERICAL novelists have, perhaps, enjoyed more than their full measure of success, particularly in America, where the Rev. E. P. Roe, one of the worst of novelists, was for nearly half a century more widely-read than any other author. We learn from the "New York Times" that the clergy still keep well up on the list of "best sellers." The Rev. Charles W. Gordon, who, under the name of Ralph Connor, won success with his "Sky Pilot," has, we are told, sold more than two million copies of his half-dozen works of fiction. Even this record is beaten by Dr. Cyrus T. Brady, "the most prolific novelist in America," who, since 1898, has published at least forty books, some of them in more than one volume, and nearly all achieving large circulations. Other clerical gentlemen who interest the American public more by their fiction than by their preaching are Mr. Thomas Dixon, Mr. Robert J. Burdette, and Mr. Charles M. Sheldon.

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AMONG the new books announced in the "Cambridge Historical Series" are "Germany and the Empire, 1493-1792," by Professor A. F. Pollard, two volumes on "Modern France, 1815-1900," by Mr. W. A. J. Archbold, two volumes on "Modern Germany," by Mr. J. W. Headlam, "The Levant, 1815-1900," by Mr. D. S. Hogarth, "The Netherlands since 1477," by the Rev. G. Edmundson, and "British India, 1603-1838," by Mr. G. W. Forrest.

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IT is to the labors of Edward Bunting, who died about the middle of last century, that we owe the preservation of many of the old Irish airs, in particular the music of the Irish harpers. He published several collections, and left behind a large number of manuscripts. These latter have been employed by Mrs. C. M. Fox in "Annals of the Irish Harpers," to be published this month by Messrs. Smith, Elder. The book will contain the biography of the famous harper, Arthur O'Niell, the journal and letters of Patrick Lynch, and the journal and letters of Dr. James MacDonnell, who organised the Harpers' Festival at Belfast in 1792.

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MOST book-lovers would like to read their favorite authors in first editions; but this is an expensive taste, and the best substitute for a first edition is a *fac-simile* reproduction. It is pleasant when one looks at a printed page to reflect that it bears a close resemblance to what the author saw when he examined his book hot from the press. An edition of the "Lyrical Ballads" of Wordsworth and Coleridge, just published by Mr. Frowde in the "Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry," enables readers to indulge this fancy at a slight expense. The edition has been prepared by Professor Harold Littledale, and, except that the *errata* of 1798 are incorporated in the text and the lines are numbered, it is a *verbatim et literatim* reprint of the little volume published by J. & A. Arch, of Gracechurch Street, which was destined to have so great an effect upon English poetry. To all intents and purposes this volume is as good as the rare first edition which fetches a high price in the auction-rooms.

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THE centenary of John Bright's birth on Thursday will lead some people to read or re-read Bright's speeches, and books that have been written about him. We give a short list of these, reminding our readers that Mr. G. M. Trevelyan is at present engaged on what promises to be the standard biography:—

"The Life and Speeches of the Right Hon. John Bright." By George Barnett Smith.

"John Bright: A Monograph." By R. Barry O'Brien.

"The Life of John Bright." By John M'Gilchrist.

"John Bright." By C. A. Vince.

"Speeches on Parliamentary Reform." By John Bright. Revised by Himself.

"Speeches on Questions of Public Policy." By John Bright. Edited by J. E. Thorold Rogers.

"Public Addresses." By John Bright. Edited by J. E. Thorold Rogers.

"Public Letters of the Right Hon. John Bright." Collected by H. J. Leech.

"Selected Speeches of John Bright on Public Questions." In "Everyman's Library."

## Reviews.

### THE IMPORTANCE OF HANNAH MORE.

"*Hannah More.*" By ANNETTE M. B. MEAKIN. (Smith, Elder. 14s. net.)

MR. BIRRELL, it is no secret, has little sympathy with those who like to grow cabbages instead of buying them from Covent Garden. He is like Morris, who said the soot of London had been rubbed into him, and the cry of "Back to the Land" sounds in his ears like a sentence of penal servitude. Yet even Mr. Birrell has his uses for a garden; and all the world knows that, in a little patch of rich though neglected soil, where Providence meant him to grow potatoes or cauliflowers for his hungry children, he has hidden away the nineteen great volumes containing the voluminous writings of Hannah More. It is, we believe, a plain and simple grave; and no giant pyramid marks the sleeping-place of so much comfortable and complacent virtue. It is, perhaps, for this reason that Miss Meakin, jealous for a fame which might seem to some to depend on the confession Mr. Birrell has made to the world, has provided this tribute, in the hope that one day some public-spirited patriot will recover the buried treasure and remove it with reverent hands to a more frequented sepulchre. So it happened to the bones of Hannah's two great antagonists, Napoleon and Tom Paine.

Miss Meakin's apprehensions, though natural and proper, will not, we think, be realised. Mr. Birrell has saved the memory of Hannah More; it is not the least of his services to mankind. It is a memory that ought not to die, and gratitude is due to Miss Meakin for her full and careful study, from all those who wish to understand the history of England.

Hannah More moved in a very important and distinguished world, and counted among her friends many of the great names of her century. She elicited the most famous of Johnson's retorts. She turned out a great mass of literature. Before she made up her mind that plays were wicked, she wrote a tragedy that was produced by Garrick. She lived to a great age, and left a vast fortune to charitable and religious societies. For all these reasons she is a memorable figure, and well deserving of the sympathetic care Miss Meakin has bestowed on her life and philanthropies. But it is not to any of these facts that the historian will look for the secret of her importance. She is chiefly important because without her, and without the forces in society that she represents, it is impossible to explain the state of things which has recently been recalled very vividly to mind in the terrible opening chapters of "*Clayhanger*." If we want to understand how it happened that for generations children only just able to walk were sentenced to the tortures of a boyhood like that of Darius Clayhanger, and that it seemed to thousands upon thousands of kindly people quite tolerable that a great and growing world of men and women and children should suffer untold agonies and degradation in the service of mine and mill and furnace and chimney, without any hope of a decent or civilised life this side of the grave, we must not talk merely of economic forces, or selfish capitalists, or an inexorable political economy, or the difficulties of a race confronted with new and bewildering problems. There remains another element to be taken into our reckoning, the element of the philanthropy in fashion. The particular kind of philanthropy that sleeps such a tranquil and satisfied sleep in Mr. Birrell's back garden had the effect of drawing much of whatever goodwill and sympathy and disquiet that existed into an obedient allegiance to the reigning order, into an atmosphere of acquiescence in all existing institutions. There is in every society a certain quantity of social goodwill, and what Hannah More and her friends did was to turn this goodwill into a form in which it offered no menace to those who profited by the suffering it deplored, no hope of social reform. There is in every society a certain spirit of rebellion, and Hannah More co-operated with the Methodists, though neither she nor they liked to be confused in the public mind, in tranquillising this spirit by means of religion. Lecky saw this clearly enough, and the conservative in him forgave extravagances that were revolting to his freethinking mind.

The relations of Hannah and Martha More with the population of the Mendips are an excellent illustration of the spirit in which these philanthropists regarded the poor of the time, and these philanthropists, it must be remembered, represented a very large proportion of those who were ready to make any sacrifice for other people. Here was a large district, with collieries and glass works, and a population entirely neglected, like many others, by the Church or any other civilising influences. Hannah More, with her friends, instituted Sunday Schools, and devoted herself with admirable zeal and energy to social work among men and women who lived in such conditions that the popular name for one of their villages was Botany Bay or Little Hell. Their activities and impressions are recorded in "*Mendip Annals*," or the "*Journal*" of Martha More. This volume is very full of the wickedness and depravity of these wretched people. The More sisters are sincerely anxious to teach them to read the Bible, and to give up drinking and dancing, and other habits that they think injurious; they also organised Women's Benefit Clubs. But the one thing that never strikes them is that perhaps there is something wrong in the conditions themselves. They are horrified by the state of the population that works in the glass houses; and this is how the population is described in the "*Mendip Annals*": The people lived in nineteen hovels, in a row containing in all nearly two hundred people. "Both sexes and all ages herding together: voluptuous beyond belief. The work of a glass-house is an irregular thing, uncertain, whether by day or by night; not only infringing upon man's rest, but constantly intruding upon the privileges of the Sabbath. The wages high, the eating and drinking luxurious—the body scarcely covered, but fed with dainties of a shameful description. The high buildings of the glass houses ranged before the doors of these cottages—the great furnaces roaring—the swearing, eating, and drinking of these half-dressed, black-looking beings, gave it a most infernal and horrible appearance. One, if not two joints of the finest meat were roasting in each of these little hot kitchens, pots of ale standing about, and plenty of early, delicate-looking vegetables." Thus the criminals in this delightful scheme of civilisation are not the persons who neglect to provide houses for the men and women by whose help they become rich, but the voluptuous glass-workers, who feed their bodies on shameful dainties, and enjoy delicate-looking vegetables. Another passage refers to the fact that a woman had been sentenced to death for "attempting to begin a riot, and purloining some butter from a man who offered it for sale at a price she thought unreasonable," not to question the justice of the punishment, but to record the cheering fact that the village had in consequence asked for a Sunday School. If any of these wretched people tried to improve their own condition, Hannah More was just as severe upon them as their masters. Indeed, she congratulated the women of Shipham on the educating effects of famine, as showing them how wrong it would be to be dissatisfied with the world they lived in:—

"It is with real concern I am obliged to touch upon the subject which made part of my address last year. You will guess I allude to the continuation of scarcity. Yet let me remind you that probably that very scarcity has been permitted by an all-wise and gracious Providence, to unite all ranks of people together, to show the poor how immediately they are dependent upon the rich, and to show both rich and poor that they are all dependent upon Himself. It has also enabled you to see more clearly the advantages you derive from the Government and Constitution of this country—to observe the benefits flowing from the distinction of rank and fortune which has enabled the high so liberally to assist the low: for I leave you to judge what would have been the state of the poor of this country in this long, distressing scarcity had it not been for your superiors. . . . We trust the poor in general, especially those that are well-instructed, have received what has been done for them as a matter of favor, not of right—if so, the same kindness will, I doubt not, always be extended to them whenever it shall please God so to afflict the land."

The lesson was well learnt, and the parishes where Hannah and Martha More were most active were conspicuous for their loyalty to Church and King. In one case it seems to have been learnt almost too well, with painful results, described very tactfully by Martha More:—

"An affecting circumstance took place about this time. Last year when the common people showed their excesses of loyalty by burning the effigy of Tom Paine, poor Robert Reeves and two or three more of our more hopeful people, intending to show their zeal and attachment to their King and country, were tempted to join the people of Axbridge in this bonfire."

The sad consequence which too usually attends such a public testimony of loyalty ensued—they were overtaken with liquor, and intoxication followed. Remorse and shame instantly took place. The following Sunday some could not appear at the school, and those who did hung their heads. The greatest apparent repentance succeeded—much praying and reading. In a few weeks all but Richard became a little reconciled to themselves: his sorrow was deeper and of long continuance. It preyed dreadfully upon his mind for many months, and despair seemed at length to take possession of him. H. had some conversations with him, and read some suitable passages from 'The Rise and Progress.' At length the Almighty was pleased to shine into his heart and give him comfort, and he now, like Philip's eunuch, goes on his way rejoicing."

That passage alone, if we had had Mr. Birrell's library, would have kept one volume out of the potato bed.

#### A STUDY OF UNEMPLOYMENT.

"Unemployment: A Social Study." By B. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE and BRUNO LASKER. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

UPON no other social problem has there been so much loose and hasty generalisation as upon unemployment. This was inevitable when sources of exact information were so meagre. With the growing experience of Labor Exchanges and the operation of compulsory insurance in four important industries we shall soon be better provided with measurable facts. But we shall still be far from possessing such full and well-ordered information for the whole nation as Messrs. Seebohm Rowntree and Lasker here present for York. We have no hesitation in saying that this volume throws more light upon the nature of unemployment than anything that has yet been written. A supplementary study to Mr. Rowntree's "Poverty," it is even more complete in method. Within three days of June, 1910, every working-class house in York was visited by selected investigators, who ascertained the name, occupation, and some other leading facts relating to all persons out of work and desirous of obtaining it. A smaller number of more skilled investigators then set to work gathering a large fund of information about each case, and checking it from various sources. Assorted and classified, this body of facts forms the substance of Mr. Rowntree's inquiry, and from it are drawn the judgments as to causes, character, and remedies for unemployment which give this volume such a unique value. The separate chapters discuss the classified results under the heads of Youths, Regular Workers, Casual Workers, Men Engaged in the Building Trades, the Work-Shy, Women, and Girls. The examination of unemployed lads brings out in a most striking manner the damage due to the reckless way in which boys leaving school are launched upon life. The great majority of unemployed lads had entered "blind-alley" occupations, in which they were further handicapped by bad physique or bad home circumstances. Large numbers of them drifted from one employment to another, thus preparing themselves to become casual laborers throughout life. Advisory Committees, in touch with the school authorities on the one hand and Labor Exchanges on the other, might do much to check false starts, while the establishment of training schools might help to build up technical efficiency, and stop the demoralisation of an idle life upon the streets.

Exceedingly instructive is the analysis of unemployment among regular and casual workers. Though it stands to reason that the efficiency of those out of work will be lower than that of those in work, it does not appear that personal disqualifications account for more than half the cases, while what are termed "faults of character," intemperance, irregularity, &c., only account for some 15 per cent. in each of the two classes. Age and ill-health figure largely as disqualifications, though one of the most disturbing results of the inquiry is the large proportion of young men who are found unemployed. More than half of the unemployed regular workers were under thirty years, and more than half of the casuals under thirty-six years. Among the adults unemployed a very large proportion appear at one time to have held regular situations for some considerable period, indicating that they were capable of sustained labor and not seriously incompetent. But the demoralisation of character and physique following upon loss of regular employment is very evident. This is attributable partly to physical, partly to psychical causes.

"They suffer psychically because of the depression, often amounting to sheer despair, which comes after days and weeks spent in tramping the streets and meeting with nothing but disappointments and refusals—the latter unfortunately often couched in language neither kindly nor courteous; and physically, because unemployment is so often accompanied by an insufficient supply of nutritious food and the other necessities of life. Thus the health is rapidly undermined and with it the power to resist demoralising influences, and the determination to maintain a high standard of living."

In a score of different ways, the problem of unemployment is related to the larger problems of unregulated industry upon the one hand and poverty upon the other. Ill-nurtured in childhood, the physical and moral stamina of effective manhood are lacking; thrown into the struggle of an uncontrolled industrialism, with little capacity of calculation or of adaptation, and exposed to all the chances of trade depressions or to the failure of particular local businesses, large numbers of our workers drift into irregularity, which, reacting upon their efficiency, renders them less and less able to regain a secure footing. So, through no particular "fault of their own," they become items in this dismal and perplexing problem. What is to be done? Mr. Rowntree's inquiry indicates that not one or two, but many, sorts of remedies must be applied. Just now we are concerned with an experiment in unemployed insurance. But statistics of unemployment in York show that insurance along the lines of the Government proposal will not go far towards a solution. A large proportion both of regulars and casuals would fail to conform with the required conditions for insurance benefit under this Bill. Of the regular workers who were out, one-half had been unemployed for six months or more, and nearly a quarter for a year. Most of them would be unable to keep up the required contributions. The case of casuals and of persons employed in the building trades would be worse. Mr. Rowntree considers that "possibly one-half" of the building men "would have run out of benefit at the time of our census." The inquiry also shows that great difficulties will arise in regard to the disqualification in cases where a "fault" of the workman was adduced as cause of his dismissal. A more serious defect of insurance as a remedy is indicated in that "the payment of insurance benefits would only probably lessen that serious deterioration of physique and *morale*, which so rapidly affects a workman when he has nothing to do but walk the streets or sit in the office of a Labor Exchange, waiting for a job to turn up."

The whole body of evidence goes to emphasise the necessity of supplementing Labor Exchanges and Insurance by other constructive measures designed to regularise the character and to increase the volume of employment. Mr. Rowntree discusses briefly but acutely, in the light of his evidence, the various proposals which have been made for decentralisation; the provision of alternative employments, industrial training, the withdrawal of children and of married women from wage-labor, the spreading of public expenditure so as to compensate depressions in the outside labor-market. But while he believes that all these methods may be applied serviceably in certain cases, they do not appear to meet adequately the demands of such a place as York. Afforestation is considered with more favor, Mr. Rowntree finding in it a valuable means of providing for that over-supply of casual or irregular labor, which is so formidable a problem, and which cannot easily be met by any mere dovetailing or adjustment of existing occupations.

But his chief practicable contribution towards a remedy lies in his proposal for a scheme of decentralisation, enabling town workers to live in the country with an alternative employment on the land, while still relying for their chief support upon some town occupation. Such a scheme, suggested by the experience of Belgium, would, he holds, be practicable in England, provided that cheap public transport were available, and a public finance, enabling working-men to obtain cottages with land at reasonable prices and with adequate security of tenure. This scheme would not merely afford an alternative employment, thereby increasing the security of their lives; "in addition, it would bridge the gulf—at present almost impassable—between country and town, and it would lessen the flow of the population towards, and would encourage it in the other direction. It is, further, a reform which would render the people more healthy; and so far from costing money, it would increase the national health."

[November 18, 1911.]

These statements are not made "in the air"; they are supported by a large body of experiment, showing the feasibility of the profitable working of allotments in this country, and they deserve the close consideration of all those concerned to find a real remedy for the gravest of industrial diseases. Mr. Rowntree's book combines, in a really admirable way, rigorous investigation with sympathetic interpretation, and should obtain a wide and serviceable popularity.

#### PETER PAN AS A NOVEL.

"Peter and Wendy." By J. M. BARRIE. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

In one way Mr. Barrie is unlucky among the men of genius of our time; he is unlucky in his very good luck. He has the two elements of real artistic greatness—simple elements enough, but both very noble ones; he is original and he is popular. Being popular, in the just sense of that exalted term, means giving the people what they want; a thing every inch as essential and idealistic in art as it is in politics. But if popularity means giving the people what they want, originality means having it to give. If the people had it, they could not be said to want it. Originality is the power of going behind the common mind, discovering what it desires as distinct from what it says it desires, satisfying the sub-consciousness. Few modern writers have enjoyed so much as Mr. Barrie this high pleasure of giving people what they wanted, but did not expect. "Peter Pan" is perhaps the one perfect example of this element in contemporary art; it is our nearest approach to a legend. There is something almost anonymous about its popularity; we feel as if we had all written it. It is made out of fragments of our own forgotten dreams, and stirs the heart with sleepy uneasiness, like pictures from a previous existence. But this very quality, as of a fairy-cap fitting everyone, as it is Mr. Barrie's peculiar glory, so it is his peculiar danger or mistake. A thing like "Peter Pan" is so obviously our natural food that most of us tend to swallow it whole; to enjoy without attempting to criticise. For this as well as other reasons the new prose version he has published, "Peter and Wendy," is valuable as giving an opportunity for a maturer judgment of the work, when we have grown accustomed to its remarkable combination of universality and novelty.

For, while there is no modern writer whose romantic clairvoyance more disarms criticism, there is also no author whose quaint and somewhat chaotic thoughts more require criticism to keep them at their best. There runs through Mr. Barrie's extraordinary mind an element of the perverse amounting to the discordant; something that can only be described as an impish bathos. Bits of his books seem to have got in by mistake out of other books: whole scenes and groups of figures, excellent in themselves, will be so out of focus as to be at once gigantic and invisible. He cannot be uniformly nonsensical, like a steady, sensible fellow. Quick-witted, and even cunning, as he is, he has a curious faculty of making quite a small mistake so that it looks like a big mistake. The value and meaning of that excellent play, "What Every Woman Knows," lay in the character of John Shand, with his solemn worldliness and innocent egotism. It did not depend particularly on the little joke at the end about women being made from man's funny-bone and not his rib. The idea simply was to bring the curtain down on a man's first attempt at laughter; and, as a matter of fact, a bad joke was even more artistically appropriate than a good one. But by this mysterious maladroitness that runs across Mr. Barrie's cleverness, he contrived to give most of the critics and spectators a notion that the whole four acts turned on this Adamic elbow-joint. He left them with the notion that this anatomical fact was really all that every woman knows; and many journals almost confined themselves to the criticism that the joke was not good enough. In the same way the horrible death of Sentimental Tommy on a spike is theoretically quite defensible; but there is something nameless in the way it is done (or perhaps in the way the rest of the book is done) that makes the reader simply feel that the thing does not belong to the story at all. That iron spike is of another material;

it is like an iron spike in a chair of carved wood. It is the same in that episode of the barber-baronet in the delightful romp of "When a Man's Single"; one does not know whether to take it seriously or not. But, curiously enough, it was in his greatest and most famous work, "Peter Pan," that the most startling instances occurred of this violation of the congruity of nonsense, this knack of allowing trifles to stand in the light of triumphs. The scene of the dog who put the children to bed, pretty and popular as it was, was a great mistake. Such things could only happen if the children were in fairy-land already; and this extracts all the thrill and thought out of the escape into fairyland. The front scene, so to speak, the human interior, should have been not only ordinary, but even dull. For it is on those dull, rainy mornings, or hot, empty afternoons that both children and men look out of the window for Peter Pan.

In this respect, the story in book-form is vastly better; the miraculous dog is, comparatively speaking, a sleeping dog, and we are permitted to let him lie. The opening scenes are more domestic and less pantomimic. Again, the new illustrations by Mr. F. D. Bedford, though not so mystically creative as those of Mr. Rackham, have a certain mixture of solid impossibility and exact detail, which is the thing that children love most. In the picture called "Summer Days on the Lagoon" there is a sort of microscopic cosmology that reminds one of Albert Dürer, or the old Gothic draughtsmen, who drew before Natural History had become as unnatural as it is.

But all these incidental improvements are dwarfed by an essential improvement which never appeared (so far as I saw it; and I saw it three times) in the play. At the end of the story Mr. Barrie put (or ought to have put) a really vital question to Peter Pan. Is it better to be a Pagan god or a Christian man? Is it better to grow up, to drink the wine of Cana and the vinegar of Calvary; or is it better to be irresponsible for eternity? At the end of the play the challenge was frankly shirked. Wendy was to visit Peter once a year; without reference to the fact that she would be ninety at the end of what Peter would regard as a half-holiday. In this book the challenge is accepted. Wendy grows up and has a little daughter, and the god of youth cheerfully transfers his attentions to the daughter. That is good, clean, philosophical courage. But I shall be always one of those who wish that Peter, when the choice was offered him, had gone to school and married and died.

G. K. C.

#### A ROYAL LOVE MATCH.

"Mary Tudor, Queen of France." By MARY CROOM BROWN. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

If history, according to the latest philosophy, is to be viewed as the evolution of a free, spontaneous, and creative activity, it seems a somewhat perverse antithesis that of its separate activities those of the historian should be the least creative and the most constrained. Condemned to the obsequious study of particulars, he may not soar into the region of metaphysic, nor, releasing artifice from the exigencies of accuracy, deviate into what Sir John Seeley calls "mere literature." He must consider events, once alive and glowing, as though they were cold and dead; he must destroy his imagination; he must slay his love. History having neither beginning nor end, he cannot cut a slice out of the middle, put a frame round and make it into a picture; the edges are raw, the shape irregular, the parts do not compose. Debarred alike from the pleasures of art and morality, it remains his cynical task to demonstrate the futility of human ideals; for history, says Lord Acton, is chiefly made by "energetic men following ideas, mostly wrong, which determine events." Yet the past has its palpitating pages; and although what the publisher's advertisement calls "romantic history" is strictly a misnomer, Miss Croom Brown's volume describes what is perhaps more interesting, the history of a romance. Mary Tudor, youngest sister of Henry VIII. and Queen of France, achieved what, in her age and position, seems little short of a miracle—a marriage of love. It is true she had to pay dearly, both in tears and

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hard cash for the privilege; that, before she could enjoy it, she jilted a prince and buried a king; and that her chosen husband had already married two wives, one of whom was still alive. But Mary was the devoted admirer and loyal subject of her brother; and Henry VIII. had not yet developed those matrimonial scruples which led him finally, in the character of "Christian bachelor," to annul his nineteen years' irregularity with Catherine of Aragon.

Judging from her portraits and contemporary criticism, Mary seems to have been a very pretty, graceful young creature. At the age of eleven she danced and played upon the lute and claregulls, to the delight of the King and Queen of Castille who had come over to England to arrange a match between her and their son Prince Charles. A few years later she went through the ceremony of her betrothal with "a most sadde and pryncely countenance, speaking parfittely and distinctly in the frensche tongue . . . without any basshing of countenance, stoppe, or interruption therein," so greatly to the admiration of beholders "that for extreme content and gladnes, the terys passed out of their eis." Mary seems to have made a satisfactory fiancée to a youth whom she had never seen; for Gerard de Pleine writes that "she seemed to love him wonderfully," and no day passed in which she did not complain how much she longed to see him. The little Prince seems also to have been well pleased with his lot; but the meeting which both desired was never to be realised. On January 9th, 1514, Queen Anne of France died. Louis XII. was, therefore, in the marriage market. Gouty and fifty-two, he was yet a handsome prize; and Henry VIII. was not the monarch to let the mere matter of a promise stand between him and political advantage. Mary herself was sufficiently a Tudor to recognise the advisability of jilting a Prince in order to secure a King; but at this juncture her ambitions had become complicated by a feeling for which her seventeen years may perhaps serve as an excuse. Some time previously, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, had been suitor to Margaret of Savoy, Governess of the Netherlands, and aunt to Mary's Prince Charles. The lady, although greatly taken by the bold address and radiant *bonhomie* of this delectable bounder, dared not contemplate so marked a *mésalliance*; and, although Henry himself urged his favorite's suit, she was finally compelled to dismiss him. Brandon mourned the aunt, Mary the nephew. Their mutual bereavement may have engendered sympathy. At any rate, it seems fairly evident that by the time Louis's proposals were put before her, Mary had fallen deeply in love with the Duke, and she protested vehemently against the notion of marriage with an "old, feeble, and pocky" sovereign. The admirable sense of Henry, however, soon caused her to view the matter in a different light. The age and debility of the King, far from being a disadvantage, was, in reality, his supreme attraction. A young English Princess could not afford to throw herself away on a mere love-match; but the widow of the King of France could marry whom she pleased. Thus fortified, Mary gave her consent; and on August 13th, whilst Henry—in cloth of gold and the gayest spirits—danced to the music of flute and violetta, she was married by proxy to Louis XII.

The ageing King appears to have been delighted with his bargain. Mary was eighteen, and "the prettiest girl in Europe." Rapidly throwing off his mourning, Louis, wrote Worcester, "had a marvellous mind to content and please the Queen." He awaited her coming with seven coffers of jewels and other treasures beside him; "but," he exclaimed, roguishly, "my wife shall not have them all at once, but at divers times, for I would have at many and divers times kisses and thanks for them." "*Bon gaillard, aimant à boire et à rire,*" he was not a bad husband, as monarchs went.

On September 19th, Mary, accompanied by a magnificent suite, set out for Dover, her last words to her brother being a passionate reminder of his promise as regards her second marriage. Crossing the Channel she was nearly wrecked, but was sufficiently dried to ride in state with the Dauphin as far as Abbeville. Etiquette forbade the King from going publicly to meet her; but curiosity permitted a surreptitious peep. On a wide plain, a few miles from Abbeville, Mary's procession was surprised by a party of huntsmen, one of whom wore the same colors as the Queen. This was Louis, who kissed his hand to her, expressed his surprise

at their chance meeting, and finally, bringing his horse up to her palfrey, "threw his arms round her neck, and kissed her as kindly as if he had been five-and-twenty." That night, at a great ball, Mary danced and smiled her way into the hearts of all at Court, and at eight o'clock next morning set out in procession for the grand ceremony of her marriage. All that day the feasting and dancing continued. To Mary's youth and vigor the revelry may have been delightful enough; but the poor King, "*antique et débile*," found "*ces amoureuses nöpées*" too much for his gout, and took to bed the day after, never to rise again. He had literally danced himself into his grave. For three months Mary played, sang, and chattered her broken French by his bedside with the prettiest grace in the world, and on New Year's Day, 1515, she was left a widow.

So far, fortune had favored Henry's sagacity and Mary's compliance with almost suspicious alacrity; but the Queen's situation was not as satisfactory as might at first sight appear. The importunate admiration of her step-son, the Duc d'Angoulême, only held in check during her husband's lifetime by the most obvious political reasons, became, now that the possibility of the birth of an heir to the throne was no longer in question, a source of lively annoyance to Mary. Francis frightened her, moreover, by declaring that Henry meant to break his promise and marry her to the Prince of Castille so soon as she should have returned to England. Shut up in bed, where she was supposed to mourn for six months, with curtains drawn and tapers lighted, her English friends and advisers all dismissed, it is small wonder that Mary's nerve gave way. Suffolk arrived; she threw herself into his arms and implored him to marry her there and then, threatening that, if he would not do so within four days, she would break with him for ever. Brandon, who had promised Henry to be nothing but Ambassador to Mary until they reached England, found himself in a nice dilemma: he must either lose his master's favor or his mistress's love. Argument, in Mary's unhinged condition, was unavailing; and the easy-going Duke was not the first whose better judgment was swept away by a storm of tears. "Sir," he wrote to Wolsey, "she said the best in France had said unto her that and she went to England she should go to Flanders. To the which she said she had rather be torn in pieces than ever she should come there; and with that wept. Sir, I never saw woman so weep." Early in February, secretly, with no witness but servants, Mary of France and Brandon Duke of Suffolk were married.

For the story of the lovers' penitence and confession, of their disgrace and danger, of Henry's wrath and Wolsey's counsel, of the haggling between Henry and Francis over the money, jewels, and "movables" that Mary, as Queen of France, was to hand over in forfeit to her brother, of the return from France, and of Henry's ultimate forgiveness, we must refer the reader to Miss Croome Brown's attractive pages. The episode has been studiously and yet brightly handled, and the numerous portraits with which the book is interspersed charm the eye and kindle the imagination.

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One might dip into the book anywhere; but the earliest pages, with a glimpse at the Fenianism of the 'sixties, should not be overlooked. Mr. Glover's father was in the movement, and had a hand in the escape—from the Richmond Bridewell, in Dublin—of that none too redoubtable or inspiring Head Centre—James Stephens. This was in 1865, a year that really did seem to promise something for Fenianism. The Civil War in America was practically over; many Fenian officers of regiments hastened to Ireland; Cluseret, a conspirator of signal ability (he was afterwards

*Ready 15th December.*

Vol. I. No. 1.

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in the Commune), arrived from France; and from Italy came Fariola. Had there been a leader of genius in Ireland, a blow might have been struck; but in the various comingings and goings there was little secrecy; and the customary informer (in this case one Nagle, employed as a folder in the office of the "Irish People") was steadily feeding the Government with information.

Stephens's flight from the Bridewell was long regarded as the one great romance of a not over-romantic episode; and he himself was thought the equal as a prison-breaker, not, of course, of Casanova, Trenck, or Latude, but at least of Louis Napoleon. As is now, however, matter of history, the Head Centre was simply slipped out of gaol. Two of the Bridewell warders, Byrne and Breslin, were in the plot, and, unless we are mistaken, a duplicate key from a wax impression had been manufactured by a Dublin Fenian—possibly the ticket-collector mentioned by Mr. Glover. The two warders

"were able to arrange that on one of their rounds the door of Stephens's cell was to be left unlocked; the Head Centre was to be led to the prison wall. At a certain hour two pebbles from the outside would indicate the readiness of the rescuing party, and the reply from Byrne and Breslin inside was a sod of grass thrown over the same wall. Stephens, with the aid of a rope, was then passed over into the welcome arms of his friends, who included my father."

Stephens passed the remainder of the night at the Glovers' house in Kingstown. Later he escaped to France (whether in a small fishing-smack from Malahide or in a lugger from Skerries is no longer of much importance); but the Fenians as a body soon turned him over, and the control of the movement passed into other hands.

Concerning a Fenian more mysterious than Stephens, Mr. Glover says:—

"The first notoriety I came in contact with was P. J. Tynan, the famous 'No. 1.' Tynan was a sort of newsvendor-stationer on the shores near Dublin, and I was one of three small boys who, with a nurse, worried his stock-in-trade every afternoon."

P. J. Tynan may have been a newsVendor, an emperor, or an organ-man; but was he "No. 1"? Years after the Phoenix Park murders, the present writer had a long conversation on the subject with the astute of Dublin policemen—a veritable No. 1 in his calling—by whom he was assured that, to the police themselves, the identity of the "No. 1" of the Fenians, or Invincibles, had never been positively known. Tynan, safe in America when the half-baked dupes of the Phoenix Park affair were safe in the dock in Dublin, did undoubtedly pose as "No. 1"; but that lily-livered wastrel was surely not the true Simon Pure!

But Mr. Glover himself will think that we are giving too much space to the politics of disaffected Ireland, which are in no way his essential theme. He has done so many things that, for the reviewer's purpose, it is difficult to know where most effectively to have him. He has been to school with monks in France, and acquired under their tutorship the colloquial French that served him to adapt comic operas and farces. He has footed it in the provinces very much as Molière did, and improvised at the piano for serious ladies in the conjuring line, with the venturesome humor (ill-rewarded) of the pianist in *Mark Twain*, who played "O rise up, William Riley!" at a scene of the raising of Lazarus. He has administered the Poor Law to the pauper, consolations to the prima donna, threats to the tenor, and blessings—edged with the terrors of the pit—to bandsmen who went wrong with the "coda." He has travelled to the Basque for giants for a Drury Lane pantomime (France thought he was organising a regiment against the Boers, and the giants put a clause in the contract for gruyère and burgundy for breakfast). He has seen Augustus Harris, in his days of precocious pupilage, sitting on top of a basket of costumes, upon which Mrs. Harris *mère* had a lien. He has heard the chimes at midnight at the Gardenia Club, where a disappointed bride was once incontinently changed into Eve, and a duchess ran her duke to earth. He has—well, he has also, of course, been for many years the musical genius of Drury Lane; and, if this book goes for anything, he will be the hero of the Christmas Carnival there the next 26th of December. Mr. Sims and Mr. Collins may do their best: the audience will simply say, "Is that Glover?"

#### CURRENT FICTION.

- "*Father Maternus.*" By ADOLF HAUSRATH. (Dent. 6s.)
- "*Bubble Fortune.*" By GILBERT SHELDON. (Dent. 6s.)
- "*Love Like the Sea.*" By J. E. PATTERSON. (Heinemann. 6s.)
- "*The Ealing Miracle.*" By HORACE W. C. NEWTE. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)
- "*The Maker of Mischief.*" By STANLEY PORTAL HYATT. (Werner Laurie. 6s.)

It is pleasant, for a change, to encounter again, after many years of enforced neglect, a good example of the well-constructed historical novel of the old-fashioned, conscientious order. Herr Adolf Hausrath, in "*Father Maternus*," has drawn, with German thoroughness, a skilful and interesting picture of Rome in days immediately preceding the Reformation. Artistic skill of no mean order is shown in the characterisation of the two German monks of the Augustinian Order—the jovial Prior, Dr. John, and the young ascetic, Father Maternus—who have journeyed to the Holy City to petition the Vatican to withdraw the Bull of Union which their enemy has managed to obtain. Naturally, a highly damnable description of the manifest corruptions of the Church, infecting the whole body of Roman society, is painted in the painful impressions gathered by Father Maternus. The plot centres round the cruel persecution of the Jew, Nicodemus, and the kidnapping and imprisonment of his daughter, Marietta, by unscrupulous high ecclesiastics, out of purely mercenary motives, intrigues which are happily defeated by the mingled boldness and astuteness of the zealous German monk. Excellent are the descriptions of Italian scenery and the classic ruins of the Rome of the Reformation period. While the accomplished author cannot be said to show talent of a high creative order, he is an excellent example of the latter-day historical school of Georg Ebers, and we cordially recommend the novel to readers in search of "serious" fiction.

The courage of the author who embarks on the writing of a novel of adventure cannot be gainsaid. He is continually placing his honest young hero and his much-wronged and lovely heroine in situations whence only the coolest head and the quickest wit can extricate them. His imagination must conjure up wicked seducers and sinister ruffians whose horrid treacheries are almost as incredible as the counter-strokes devised by fate for their undoing are marvellous. We must congratulate Mr. Gilbert Sheldon on the prodigality of his invention and the vigor of his narrative. It was a happy stroke to introduce to us in Chapter I. two gigantic parsons—the first Hinderwell, highway-rober and debauchee, and the second, Gideon Wall, the modest, boyish hero, who vanquishes the elder clergyman in a fight and is then installed by Sir Constantine Divett in the latter's benefice! Then the wicked Hinderwell and Peter Ashplant, master of the brig "*Pamela*," trepan Gideon Wall with intent to sell him into slavery over-seas, and the girl, Joan, is also inveigled on board the barque where the villains' plans come to nought, largely through the wavering of the mate, Penrose Legassick. Book III. plunges us, nothing loth, into the family fortunes of the turbulent race of the Legassicks of Llangacott, and here Mr. Sheldon artfully gets his villains into scale by pitting against them the brutal, red-bearded Michael, a boorish desperado, who is worthy of the imagination of Mr. Crockett in his prime. The account of the defence of the isthmus, at the mouth of the cove, by Gideon Wall, and of the descent of the terrible precipice by the plucky Joan to save her lover's life, commands our respect for the author's staying power. Even sophisticated readers may feel the thrill of romance assailing them on perusing these exciting pages, and Mr. Sheldon steers the ship of adventure safely through his reef of intricate perils, and anchors her finally with the colors of a happy ending flying at the mast.

Mr. J. E. Patterson introduces his novel by a happy quotation from "*Jean Christophe*": "Show everyday life to everyday men; this life is deeper and vaster than the sea. The least among us holds the infinite," &c. Certainly, if one were forced to choose between the nutritious lumps of practical experience of sea-going men and seafaring manners, served out to us, roughly cooked, by Mr. Patterson, and the artificial messes concocted by many fashionable

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[November 18, 1911.]

novelists of our day, we should choose the former. Mr. Patterson occupies at present a halfway-house between journalism and art. He writes with sincerity from first-hand observation, and we cordially wish that his novel, "Love Like the Sea," had been presented as a *feuilleton* to the vast democratic public. His opening chapters sketch with blunt power and by no means contemptible art the tragic situation that confronts the young mate, Derrick, who is tied for life to the drunken, slatternly Bella, who "cannot control herself for twenty-four hours together." When Derrick goes to sea he leaves Bella in charge of Mary, "the great-hearted girl-woman," and the story is practically divided between descriptions of the coil of domestic miseries in this mate's little house at Minehead and his adventures and vicissitudes on board the variety of vessels he joins on his seafaring trips. In both sections of the narrative, Mr. Patterson holds our interest by the atmosphere of hard facts, of experiences lived down, and of characters seen into, that emanate from every page. It would be idle to contend that the author knows how to select and combine his facts into a whole of artistic charm. There is no charm in the book, no cumulative effect of dramatic power or sustained beauty. But the veracity of most of the parts and of the majority of the details impresses the reader, and if the latter does not object emphatically to the author's plan of carving out solid chunks of wholesome fare, and planking them down before the public, he will soon grow respectful of Mr. Patterson's powers. The portrait of the miserable Bella, and her unending series of outbursts, maudlin repentance, and good resolutions is really finely presented.

"The Ealing Miracle" has for sub-title "A Realistic Story," and if we could banish from our consciousness the memory of the incredible bodily transformation by which the prosperous and happy Mrs. Teversham-Dingle is changed into the shabbily-clad, distressed, out-of-work nurse, Lena Swallow, we might congratulate the author on executing a wholly unconventional work. Mr. Horace Newte goes as far, indeed, in making an actual transcript of the prosaic facts of the struggling Londoner's poverty as any novelist can do who has not sunk into journalistic methods. His attraction for us, apart from his plot, lies less in "making-up" than in recording the experiences and outlook of ordinary workaday people. His characters, such as the sweet-tempered chemist, Mr. Toy, and Pansy, the woman of pleasure, have all the force of people in the flesh, and their conversations are almost startling in their actuality. Naturally, the story cannot be ranked on the level of high artistic craftsmanship; but the description of the heroine's bitter experiences while she wanders through London streets, outcast and unbefriended, will hold the majority of his readers. We trust that Mr. Newte will go on bravely with his veracious descriptions of the life of humble, distressed, and suffering people. Indeed, he should specialise in the "sociological novel," and so win the applause of the large body of readers who do not demand that life should be painted as it ought to be, but as it is.

After the first page of Mr. Hyatt's story, we feel ourselves falling a victim to sentimental memories, for he reminds us (and the compliment is no small one) of that excellent classic of two generations ago, Mayne Reid's "Boy Hunters." Mr. Hyatt places his narrative no further back than 1888, a period when Lobengula still ruled in Mashonaland, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes and his friends were still on the horizon. The fascinating lore of a hunter's life has still power to thrill one's boyish recollections when we read the opening description of Basil's near escape from being pecked to death by a flock of vultures, and how his Bushmen rescuers doctored him by plastering a handful of chewed leaves on his bleeding wounds. Deeper issues are touched in the chapter "What the White Ants Left," which describes the finding of the bones of a party of German pioneers, despatched to advance the interests of their country in South Africa. The figure of Lobengula looms throughout the narrative, which is concerned largely with the rival intrigues of English traders, Boers, and Germans, to get a footing in that potentate's dominions. Mr. Hyatt is always lifelike in his descriptions of veldt-life and savage warfare, and it is possible for adults to revive the ardors of boyhood in following the exciting turns and twists of his well-written tale.

## The Week in the City.

		Price Friday morning.	Price Friday morning.
		November 10.	November 17.
Consols	...	78 <i>2</i>	78 <i>6</i>
Midland Deferred	...	69 <i>1</i>	72 <i>1</i>
Canadian Pacific	...	248 <i>1</i>	244 <i>1</i>
Russian Fours	...	95 <i>1</i>	95 <i>1</i>
Union Pacific	...	175 <i>1</i>	177
De Beers (Deferred)	...	17 <i>1</i>	19 <i>1</i>

DECEMBER draws near, when the market will have to repay some four millions to the Bank, which it borrowed on bills three months ago. South America is likely to want gold then, a little earlier than usual, because of its excellent crops. The end of the present easy conditions of the money market is in sight; and probably the banks' usual monthly restriction of credit, towards the end of next week, will begin a period of dearer money which will last well into next year. Brokers are, therefore, unwilling to allow the discount rate to fall much under 3*1*/<sub>2</sub> p.c., although it has been a little lower at times during the week. In the meanwhile, borrowers are hurrying their prospects into the light of day, to make the best of the cheap money before it goes. The success of the issues already made shows that much investment capital has been accumulating and lying still during the troubles of the past four months, since the Panther went to Agadir.

### THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

The investor is taking heart of grace, and sending his money out into new ventures with a good deal of confidence. But the speculator still holds aloof from the stock markets. An attempt on the part of professional interests to make a little boom in Kaffirs and Rhodesians has met with little success. Prices were raised a little in a suggestive way; but the public refused to be tempted. The pending report of the committee of inquiry into the East Rand Proprietary hangs over the market like a cloud. Rumour says that it will not break in blessings on the directors' heads. Prices in the Home Railway market have been a mere thermometer of the temperature of the labor disputes. The decision of the Crewe railwaymen to vote against a strike, and the peaceful adjournment of the miners' conference, both did the market good. The market, indeed, has never thought that there would be a strike, and now it is sure that there will not. An incident which has attracted attention is a sensational rise in the shares of certain shipping companies, especially the Union Castle and Royal Mail lines. All sorts of rumours were about. One to the effect that the South African Government had acquired control of the Union Castle line to break the shipping ring has been authoritatively denied. Another states that the Royal Mail directorate, whose acquisitive tendencies are well-known, has arranged some sort of amalgamation of interests with the Union Castle. The rumor is at least well invented, because in view of the Union Government's attack the line might well find it advisable to have an alternative outlet for its energies. There is plenty of traffic with South America for a regular line to capture from the tramps.

### FINANCIAL TROUBLES.

From the war has sprung the inevitable crop of financial misadventures. It has dealt a blow to credit in Egypt and the Levant; and withdrawal of deposits follows, and hoarding of gold. The Bank of Mitylene, a small commercial bank in Constantinople, after a period of uncertainty, has finally been obliged to go into liquidation. The well-known merchant firm of Zervudachi, of Alexandria, has also stopped payment; and, in connection with its fall, a firm in this country has been unable to meet its bills. The Egyptian firm had borrowed largely in London on Egyptian securities, and the Stock Exchange fears the depressing effect of their liquidation. Efforts, however, are being made to prevent a forced sale; and, in any case, the securities are not of a sort much dealt in here. In quite another connection, the Bank of Burma, a little local affair in Rangoon, has suspended payment. These troubles tend to prolong the uneasy feeling of the summer months, and to prevent any revival of business. In themselves they are remote and slight; but they serve to remind us of what we have escaped in the perils of the Moroccan dispute.

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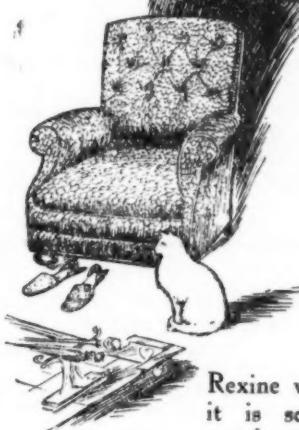
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Forming part of a total authorised issue of £4,000,000,  
At **86½ per cent.**

**Trustee for the Debenture-holders  
London County & Westminster Bank, Limited.**

The Debentures will mature 1st October, 1961, and will be repayable by means of a Cumulative Sinking Fund, beginning in 1916, sufficient to redeem the Debentures at or before maturity. The Sinking Fund will be applied annually to the purchase of Debentures at or below par and accrued interest, or to drawing Debentures at par. The entire issue, or any part thereof, will also be redeemable at par on any interest date before maturity on three months' notice by the Company.

The Debentures will be issued to Bearer in denominations of £20, £100, and £200, with the privilege, at the holders' option, of registration as to principal at the Company's Office in London. Principal will be payable at the London County & Westminster

Bank, Limited, London, and interest at the Bank of Scotland, London; principal and interest will also be payable in Amsterdam in Guilders at the fixed rate of exchange of F 12.06 to the £, and in Switzerland in Francs at the fixed rate of exchange of fs 25.16 to the £.

Coupons will be payable 1st April and 1st October.

Particulars of the security for the Debentures, and of the position and prospects of the Company, will be found in a letter dated 15th November, 1911, from Mr. A. H. A. Knox-Little, the Chairman of the European Committee, printed in full in the full prospectus, extracts from which are given below.

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**offer the above Debentures for sale at the price of 86½ per cent.  
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10 per cent. on Application.
15 " " " Allotment.
30 " " " 11th December, 1911
31½ " " " 9th January, 1912.

**86½ per cent.**

Payment in full may be made under discount at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum on allotment, or on 11th December, 1911.

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Extracts from letter from Mr. A. H. A. Knox-Little, the Chairman of the European Committee of the Sorocabana Railway Company, dated 15th November, 1911:—

The Share Capital of the Sorocabana Railway Company consists of 20,000 £ per Cent. Preferred Shares of \$100 each (25 per cent. paid) and 80,000 Ordinary Shares of \$100 each (fully paid), all of which, with the exception of 640 Ordinary Shares, are held by the Brazil Railway Company.

The total authorised Debenture Capital of the Company will, when the arrangements referred to in this letter have been carried out, consist of £4,000,000 4½ per Cent. First Debentures, of which, as explained below, it is not intended at present to issue more than £3,017,500, including the £2,000,000 to be offered in your Prospectus. The remaining 982,500 can only be issued for improvements, betterments, or additions on existing lines or for further assets.

The Debentures are to be secured under a Trust Deed in favour of the London County and Westminster Bank, Limited, as Trustee for the Debenture-holders, upon *inter alia*:

(a) The lease from the State of San Paulo of the Sorocabana

Railway and the full benefit thereof so far as relates to lines now constructed.

(b) All the interest of the Company in all lines of railway, not included in the preceding clause, which may hereafter be acquired by the Company, whether wholly or partly with the Debentures or their proceeds.

(c) The full benefit of the contract of lease from the Company to the Brazil Railway Company so far as it relates to the property referred to in Clauses (a) and (b) above, and to any payments which the Brazil Railway Company may thereby be bound to make for making good any deficiency in the service of the Debentures.

(d) 20,087 fully paid Shares of 200 milreis (two hundred milreis) each in the Paulista Railway Company, 5,335 (out of a total of 6,000) fully paid £ per Cent. Preferred Shares of £ 300 each, and, as and when available, 4,711 (out of a total of 14,000)

fully paid Ordinary Shares of £s 500 each of the Compagnie du Port de Rio de Janeiro, 6,106 (out of a total of 58,655) Preference Shares of £s 500 each, and 1,345 (out of a total of 22,000) Dividend Shares, and 115 (out of a total of 1,345) Jouissance Shares of the Cie Auxiliaire des Chemins de fer au Brésil, 14,000 (out of a total of 50,000) fully paid Ordinary Shares of the Cie des Chemins de fer Sud-ouest Brésiliens, and 1,250 (out of a total of 2,500) fully paid Shares of 200\$000 (two hundred milreis) each of the San Paulo Hotels Company, and also all other shares, bonds, and securities hereafter acquired by the Company, whether wholly or partly with the Debentures or their proceeds.

The Sorocabana Railway forms part of the system controlled and operated by the Brazil Railway Company. The Sorocabana Railway consists of 813 miles in operation and 268 miles of lines under construction and to be constructed.

The Railway belongs to and is held under a lease from the State of San Paulo, for 60 years, expiring 1st July, 1967, subject to the annual payment as rent to the State of (a) a sum equal to the amount now required for the service of the debt, amounting to £3,800,000, of the State of San Paulo, having a first mortgage on the greater part of the Railway; (b) interest at 6 per cent. per annum on the capital expended by the State on extensions and improvements, and (c) 25 per cent. of the net revenue remaining after deducting the above amounts and crediting certain sums to the Company, including 6 per cent. on its capital expenditure recognised by the State.

The Government has the right to rescind the lease after 1st July, 1937, on payment by way of indemnity of an amount in the Public Funds of the State sufficient to produce a revenue equal to the average net revenue of the Company derived from the Railway during the five most profitable years of the preceding seven years of working. On rescinding the lease the Government assumes the responsibility of paying for the then acknowledged capital of the lessee.

Since 1st January, 1909, the Railway has been operated by the Brazil Railway Company by virtue of a lease from the Sorocabana Railway Company, under the terms of which the Brazil Railway Company takes the whole earnings of the line and undertakes to pay (*inter alia*) all sums payable by the Sorocabana Railway Company under the lease from the State and also the sum necessary, after taking into account the income of the Sorocabana Railway Company derived from sources other than the lease, to pay the principal, interest, and sinking fund payments of all Debentures issued by the Sorocabana Railway Company with the consent of the Brazil Railway Company. Such consent has been given to the present authorised issue. The Brazil Railway Company also undertakes to pay an amount sufficient to enable the Sorocabana Railway Company to pay the full dividend of 6 per cent. per annum

on its Preferred Shares as well as a dividend on its Ordinary Shares on a rising scale with a minimum of 3 per cent. per annum.

For the first nine months of this year the gross and net earnings of the Sorocabana Railway show an increase over the same period of last year of £41,790 and £39,786 respectively. I estimate the net earnings for the whole year at £254,000

On this basis the amount payable as rent to the State of San Paulo will be £340,000

£220,000

Leaving a balance of £45,000

Add one year's interest and dividends on investments less administration expenses £100,000

Estimated total income available for the service of the 4½ per Cent. First Debentures £245,000

The annual charge for interest on the £3,017,500

4½ per Cent. First Debentures is under £136,000

Leaving a surplus of over £109,000

\* This does not include any revenue from the assets to be acquired with more than half the proceeds of the Debentures to be issued under your prospectus.

The surplus revenue of the Brazil Railway Company after payment of all expenses and Bonds and other interest charges was:—

In 1909	£95,000
In 1910	257,000

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A draft, subject to revision, of the Trust Deed to secure the Debentures and copies of the two leases above referred to can be seen during the usual business hours, while the list is open, at the office of Messrs. Bircham & Co., 30, Old Broad Street, E.C., or at that of Messrs. Surtees, Phillpotts & Co., 6, St. Helen's Place, E.C.

Application may be made on the form printed below and forwarded with the necessary remittance to Messrs. Speyer Brothers.

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**This Form of Application may be used.**

**No. 52.**

## UNITED STATES OF BRAZIL.

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*Name in full .....*  
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